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APRIL, 1997

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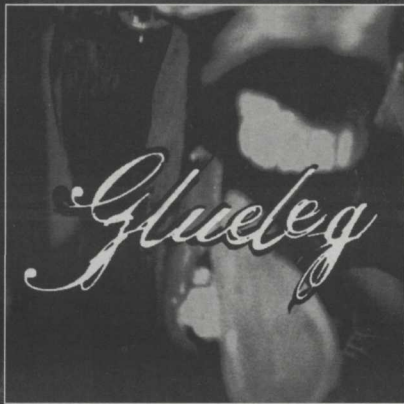




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DISCORDER

APRIL 1997

Issue #171

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COVER

I ROCK THE BUS ALL THE WAY OUT TO UBC AND
ALL I GOT WAS THIS LOUSY COVER. GRAPHIC
DOUGHNUT BY KEN.

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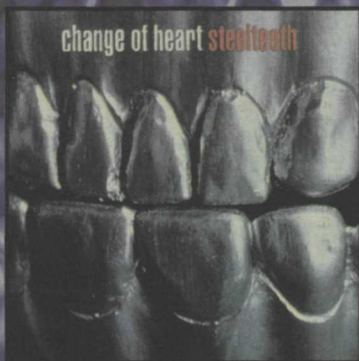
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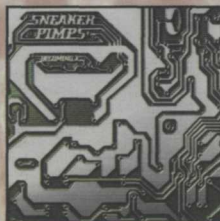
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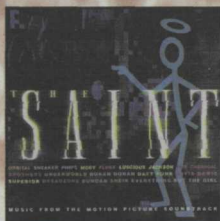
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dear

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airhead

Dear Airhead,

I'd like to commend DISCORDER on your newfound dedication to finding the crummiest writers on the planet. Between the Lines is written by the two biggest brainiacs since Sean Roggeit or Coral Short. Damn it, even Trish Kelly is better than these two, and that isn't saying a whole lot.

Christina claims that she and poor little busy bee Andrea are just too darn bogged down with the trials of everyday life to review any "music/fun" zines. Now isn't that what most zines are about? By keeping this policy, not only are they denying your readers with a whole whack of information, they themselves are missing out on a lot of really good writing. I admit, many of these "music/fun" zines aren't worth the time and effort to print them, but there are so many hidden gems out there. Gems that will get neglected by this policy.

Christina goes on to say we should check Factsheet Five or Terminal Shitty for our "music/fun" zine inspirations. Unfortunately, Factsheet Five is as easy to read as an accounting textbook and Terminal City just flat out sucks. I've always (for ten years) turned to DISCORDER for my zine and music cravings and unfortunately, DISCORDER is getting stuck next to the toilet in my house more and more. Not just for a little loo-pinchin'-light reading, either. [OUCH!]

It's kinda funny that "music/fun" zines are denied exposure but anything with the return address #33-345 E. Broadway

gets a glowing review. Now I'm sick of lame zines too, and I could really give a fuck about the "hot bad do jour," but I also don't have a single spare second to waste on another zine done on a shitty old typewriter with those cute little paste-on stars featuring writings by a myopic, angry, young girl who's discovered that by calling herself "RiotGrrl" she can be right all the time. Gender politics are extremely important to me but the vast majority of these zines — and I've read a lot of them — do nothing but increase hostility and schism. If you grrrls really want a revolution, buy a fucking gun or two. I did. No more Mark Lapines in my neighborhood.

Regarding the review of the Soy not Oi cookbook in last month's Between the Cheeks: since when is it "not punk" to brew your own beer? BEER IS PUNK. There is a growing faction among us punk rock beerhounds who make intelligent, coherent, and socially responsible decisions about which beer we drink. NO MATTER how boozed we are, "FUCK MOISONI!" is a simple three-syllable statement that is easy to say even after 12 micro-or-home-brewed masterpieces. No matter how pissed I get, I still have a brain and taste buds, okay? Don't talk like you know, because you fuckin' don't. I don't care if you aren't SXE. Straightedge kids haven't yet cornered the market on being full of shit. The point Soy

not Oi was trying to make was that by brewing your own, you are totally outside the corporate deathbeast structure. Don't even try and convince me that isn't punk. No dipshit edge-kid can convince me I'm wrong and neither can a self-righteous Riot'rd nepotist. In fact, the only thing Andrea and Christina have convinced me of is that they are a couple of card-carrying morons. Love,
Dale Nixon

Well, a big hello to y'all. This is your annual report from that musical foreign correspondent — Marcos X (of Ngoma fame). Last time I was down here NAFTA was big news and co-incidentally, the band I was playing in consisted of US, Can., and Mexico. This time the UN is about and I'm playing with Brazil, Guate, Italy, US, Germany and a super wicked drummer from the UK whose band there (Easter House) reached #15 on Billboard. I never heard of them and he didn't bring any material down so I'll wait to get back to hear some.

Guatemala is attracting more and more international artists every year. This year just before I arrived, one of the Tragically Hip was around and being from Canada, got a lot of questions about 'em.

Well, being forced to have a short trip this year, as my landlord of nine years decided to sell the house ... and it sold. So I've got to return and deal with that. Unfortunately, it's also where Ngoma practices too ... so moving ... yuk!
MarcosX

• cowshed chronicles •

"no I'm just lookin' 'round, thanks a lot./ i gotta be going now. will i get caught?" (freedy johnston "on the way out")

the dairy experiment was a bust, i can see that now. clearly, and while it wasn't supposed to be a sad documentation, some found it disheartening. especially one certain province reporter who's opinion i respect for reasons i'm still sorting out. and to him this column is dedicated.

from the side he saw her, his eyes just caught the sight of her, somehow she was seemingly rolling by. she moved as if on wheels and said hello as she passed by him. he wasn't even sure at first if he even knew her, but she knew him. then it came to him, who she was, he knew now where he had seen her before, she was much taller than he had ever really realized before and this, for some reason, threw him off a bit. her thin frame and boyish looks suggested someone much younger than himself and for a moment he felt very old. turning, he watched her continue down the street and round the corner disappearing from his view, and it was then that he became scared he'd never see her again. catching his reflection in a store window he looked at himself like he had never done before. mirrors at home had always been unkind to him, reflecting the bad side every time, the whites of his eyes turning gray with the passage of time, the road map that was his face, his hair that was turning white and seemingly receding at a rather alarming rate. It was now, though, as he looked at himself clearly in the store window that he realized he looked better than he thought, maybe she saw something he never could, pulling up to the window he studied his face and brought his hands up to it. confidence rushed through his body as it never had before. standing back he surveyed his clothes and the frame they were attached to. turning from side to side it became clear to him that he was not as sickly as he had once thought. he had style of a sort, where he got it from he didn't know but he liked it nonetheless. the deficiencies he had once stood before and cursed had now all but disappeared and he felt good, at least for that moment. where did she work? could he find her again? the piss and vinegar of a younger time had returned for a visit and he felt like he could conquer the world or the very least ask her out, if he could find her again. not if, he would find her. silent he decided that the next words out of his mouth would be ...
gth ...

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Hot neighborhood connections: worker Horace. "We like your beat-shit-kicker tunes. You know, C & W, classic rock, but lately the sounds coming out of this Scratch place have made me put my jackhammer down every lunch, coffee, and smoke break and come in and join my noogie and gyrate my loins and take some happy sounds home to impress the wife. I feel like a little boy again."

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vancouver special

by dale sawyer & janis mckenzie

Making a big buzz around town these days is **Steveston's THE BEANS**. This semi-improvisational ensemble has been entertaining local audiences lately with gigs at the Sugar Refinery, the Starfish (opening for **David Thomas and his Two Pale Boys**), and even the 1996 CTR Christmas party (held in the province of Gig, in Albion, just before all that anarchy fuss went down. Who knew?). Well, I've heard their tape and all I've got to say is that **The Three Beans** are a bunch of buck-toothed, hairy, big four-eyed, smelly, obnoxious, ostentatious dogs. That is, if I'm to concur with the answering machine message playback in the cut "We R the Beans," and, well, sounds good to me. But then again, so does their music. Fans of **Slint** will hold **The Beans** dear, and some cuts on the ten-tune cassette give me the same floating, aquatic vibe as does **Tortoise**. So now they've been pigeonholed, what more is there to say, except that **The Beans** are

"a bunch of slack-jawed, butt-fudging homos who never even heard of good beats." Just so I don't wrong **The Beans** unfairly, I'll end off with something I wrote: (ahem) **Bean, Beans/The musical fruits/The more's I hears/The more's I salutes.**

So, as a way of saving my valuable time, (which could be better spent on much more worthwhile endeavours, such as watching scrambled porn way up in the channels), and as a way of saving your valuable time (see above), I will cop out and just encapsulate some of the cooler tapes I'm about to smear all over the CTR playlist. **THRILLSEEKERS** (ex-Tami, **Gloriosa**) is back; even the Thrillseeker himself was surprised to see we had an earlier tape of theirs (thanks to our efficient espionage department). Anyway, these guys really know how to fuck around with the pop formula, with "Ghost" being as weird a song as you'll ever hear. "Theme from Thrillseekers" has great early **Floydian** Acetone, and

"Summer" is revived in a different, lazier take ... **ENTROPIC's** four-song tape has nice a t-mosphere, with swirling chords giving a prog touch to a heavy, loping rhythm section ... Also laying on the ether is **CLOCK OF AN UNDEAD FAN**, ex-members of **Laster and Naked for Jesus**. Gone are the bombastic alternative soul-scrappings, in place of twisted vocals and guitar with delay effects that decay into eternity, although the tape itself isn't actually that long. **FEROCIOUS** dishes up four tracks of whack, giving **Ween** a run for its money as purveyor of godly anthem rock with helium-powered vocals. **Victorio's B.H.** put the fun back in punk, where it belongs, in-

stead of in Albania. **Suckerpunch** is 15 low-rent hardcore punchlines, good for more than a few chuckles as you stick your head in the hole you just punched out of your motel room wall. And finally, **ANI KYD** (anyone remember **Spanking Betty**?) Okay, so it's a stupid question, has risen out of the ashes (bad, tasteless humour is my forte) with a bone-melting four-song tablet that will singe the hairs right off your g-gi as soon as she lets fly with that whisky-treated stentorian voice of hers. Listening to "Lost" and "Left Holding the Bag" leaves me drenched, all the while thinking, "How does she get her voice to do that?" She looks so angelic on the cover (same picture as was hanging in the



local C.D.s!

THRILL SQUAD

Here Comes Tomorrow (Ape No Kill Ape)

Roxanne, Steve, and Gord, the heart of **Thrill Squad** (and before that **Go Four Three**, and before that, **The Debutantes**) and probably Vancouver's longest-living youthful pop trio, have upped the volume with their current lineup, including one-time punk rocker Colin Wilcox on guitar. **Here Comes Tomorrow**, their second CD, brings us six of their biggest, brightest, loudest songs yet, so if you don't like well-played, boisterous, yet glossily-produced power pop — and I know there are some of you out there — consider yourself warned.

QUEAZY

Hurk

(Spark)

I still remember the first time I naively played **Queazy's** demo, "Anguish," on my CTR

show, **Girlfood**. Good band name, I thought, expecting maybe something lo-fi and bitter, but poppy, and then got knocked out of my chair when that machine-gun guitar kicked in. If I'd seen the cute Japonimation girl and photos of kitties inside the CD, I would have been even more surprised, because this certainly isn't cuddlecore! These three girls rock as hard and clean as anyone else I can think of — although singer/guitarist Laura clearly could noodle if she wanted to, the band shuns such self-indulgent behaviour in favour of punctuating the nearly relentlessly loud songs with occasional playful (yet tasteful) snippets of sound effects, including baby giggles in the middle of the fiercely hard-rocking (and only 53 seconds long) "Ugh." I plan on leaving this one in the CD player as a special surprise for that punk purist husband of mine — he will be delighted!

so vic chesnutt cancelled his show, lois was never home, dj shadow "wasn't doing any press," and we ran out of paper the last night of production. a+b+c+d-bummer... but anyhow, let's look on the bright(er) side: barb learned how to use the word "conundrum" in a sentence, miko tried her best to explain how she felt the concept of postmodernism could be applied to barb's notion of what friends should be, and it was a useful analogy ... for the most part. ken's obsession with mr. art bell continued to grow and we all thought that tristan had met someone "new," but alas, gossip travels fast and is rarely altogether true. he did, however, supply us with a tasty picnic/midnight snack consisting of bagels, soda pop and candy, all of which helped to clear the air a bit after kevin and miko nearly got into a fist-fight over the Dummy. despite kevin's efforts to bribe miko with a cookie, the pruny-haired, sleep-deprived grouch pouted for days ... and so did ken, after he was fooled by the wrong Dummy...

what kept us goin' during this foser issue:

pavement • railroad jerk • built to spill • lamb • the beans • descendents • bedhead • rheostatics • tullycraft • magnetic fields • folk implosion • raspudina • cibo matto • mary lou lord • marine girls • 2 foot flame • ten days late • v/a little darla has a treat for you, vol. 6 (darla) • v/a something cool (cher doll) • hi fives • v/a disco sucks (che) • daytona • dirty three • white town • small factory • face to face • autechre • tsunami (remember them?) • windy & carl •

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Save the CBC: Choose Canadian identity over American 'pap' culture

by Brian Wieser

In the face of commercial media which can only feed the masses with what the mass producers want consumed, public radio is not only a good idea, it's essential. While the CBC is not exactly free from the necessary evils that commercial radio faces (i.e. record company pressures and the occasional pandering to a lowest common denominator audience), with the freedom afforded by non-commercial broadcasting, CBC's radio networks must exist, or the negative effects on developing Canadian talent will be dramatic.

The CBC has reached the point where it has overextended its capabilities and taxpayers' desire to pay for it. With two national television networks (CBC in English and SRC in French) and two specialty channels (NewsWorld and RDI) in addition to CBC Stereo (the FM network) and CBC Radio (the AM network), the Mother Corp.'s substantial subsidy requirements have placed it near the front of the chopping block from federal deficit cutters (well, what would you prefer: less money for universities?). The cuts that were announced last November were so severe that one in three jobs will soon be eliminated from the organization.

The CBC does not appear ready to reduce the scope of its operations. As a result, the implications on radio programming due to staffing reductions are as undesirable as they are inevitable.

Independent Canadian music has benefited greatly from three CBC Stereo programs in particular: *Nightlines* (hosted by David Wisdom, Friday and Saturday late night), *Broke New Waves* (hosted by Patti Schmidt, Monday to Friday from midnight to 4am) and *Realtime* (hosted by Leora

Kornfeld 7pm to midnight every Saturday) have been responsible for an enormous amount of exposure that is only given elsewhere by campus/community radio — equally essential forums, but with less money and clout and therefore, a smaller listening range and more limited abilities.

Independent music labels in Canada have benefited greatly from the aforementioned CBC programmes. "CBC were the first to play either Murderecord or Cinnamon Toast music," says Colin MacKenzie, who works with both Cinnamon Toast and Murderecord, whose rosters include Plumtree, Rebecca West (both on Cinnamon Toast), Sloan, and Al Tuck (both on Murder). "Broke New Waves was very supportive from the getgo, having bands in to be interviewed as well as doing sessions that not only allowed the bands to record new material, but also gave them a little money which in turn made it possible for them to tour more."

Some of the bands involved with Murder and Cinnamon Toast have had some air play on "commercial stations," [but] a great many more have not. These bands and records do get exposure in larger cities due to college radio, but as for the smaller communities, the only access people have to our music is through the CBC. It pisses me off that the CBC may die because the axe is coming down from the urban minds and not from the smaller regions who are the ones that really need it. If the CBC trashed their non-classical/jazz programming, the only other venue for developing artists on Murderecord and Cinnamon Toast would be college radio, and some international specialty shows here and there across the country."

Over the past five years, Mint Records has grown into one of the larger Canadian independent labels, with a roster including cub, the Smugglers, and Huevos Rancheros. Mint's Bill Baker has this to say about the CBC: "The network has done an immeasurable service for us by providing access to nation [and world]-wide radio and shortwave broadcasts, which have done wonders for raising our profile. Besides getting our music on the radio, they've also taken an active role in pursuing us for interviews. Not to mention the fact that they actually have programming that appeals to our [target] segment of the population/market, whereas our American pals have a great deal of trouble getting access to anything close to this in their country."

As much as a fixture some of the programs have been, this does not mean they will always be around. The world of radio is fickle, and nothing enhances this more than budgetary strain. If there were cancellations to *BHNW*, *Nightlines*, or *Realtime*, Bill thinks Mint "would lose access to national airplay, plain and simple. College radio would still make up most of our airplay, but without the CBC, we would not be accessing your average folks the way we are today. I mean, my Mom listens to CBC."

Would the end be in sight if we were in a world without the CBC to promote indie-rock? Fortunately, there are some government programs that musicians can benefit from, like FACTOR and other grants for touring and recording, which do not depend on the existence of the CBC. "I think if the Federal Government sat down with Canadian commercial radio and pounded out an agreement that each station must program one full hour to "new" Canadian

music, the whole geography of "alternative" music would change — as was proved by the mighty Nirvana," Colin suggests. "Perhaps Dave Bookman at CFNY ("modern rock" station in Toronto) could program a syndicated show across the country. It would be a start and would educate a few folks who in turn could then develop something a little more reflective of their own region."

No matter how successful such a plan could be, it wouldn't likely replace what we have now. Bill adds, "The CBC is a unique entity that is precious to the Canadian identity. It's greater than the sum of its parts, and it must be preserved. We have the unique situation of being a relatively young country, and as such, our national 'identity' is still on shaky ground combined with the fact that we are a stone's throw away from the most powerful media outlet in the world — the USA — which already inundates our culture/media with its own content and identity. An entity like the CBC is very important as a tool to both foster and protect our national identity, heritage, etc. This applies to every area of Canadian cultural endeavour, be it dance, opera, indie rock or David Suzuki. It's all important and it is essential that it all be given airtime."

Even though cuts have already been announced (and politicians have pledged not to cut any more), it's never too late to show your support for the CBC. Contact the Friends of the CBC at 1-888-679-7778 and find out how you can help their lobbying efforts; write a letter to your Member of Parliament or to Heritage Minister Sheila Copps (and it's postage-free!) to let them know your opinion; or most importantly, listen to the CBC and tell your friends to do the same.* Internet: <http://www.iloop.com/savecbc/>

from the diary of Jonnie Toast Boy

Right. OK. Um, hi. Well, this isn't exactly Jonnie here, it's his intrepid co-host Murray. Right, so, apparently inspired by the example of John Hindley Jr., in an attempt misguided himself in opinion) to impress Patti Schmidt, Jonnie has barricaded himself in UBC President Strangelove's office. He says he won't come out until John Zorn is named chancellor. Needless to say, he's been in there for five weeks now.

Ordinarily, in possession of a most keen reasoning ability and virtual stronghold on reality, poor Jonnie's mental state has deteriorated rapidly during this self-imposed incarceration. In consequence, his diary entries for the past month have been incoherent at best, and do rather tend toward the slanderous. Putting to use the editing skills he developed as a senior researcher for Dave Emory's *Radio Free America* (before I was purged for insisting that Bryan Adams, while dangerous, was not in fact the front man of an international fascist conspiracy), I have managed to salvage one publication-quality entry. And this is it, here:

March 18

Dear Patti: I love you. More than you could possibly ever understand. If I don't make it out of here alive, Murray has agreed to take my famous flowing locks of hair, and from them to macramé you a plant holder in the shape of the CBC logo. He seemed hesitant, but he will, because I know he loves me. Almost as much as I love you.

That's about all I could make out. I arranged to have some lithium put in his granola today. Hopefully, he'll be out soon and all better.

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Thunderbird Radio

INTERVIEW WITH HELL

BLACK MARKET BABIES

Who are you? (names, ages, instruments played)
 Rich Jones (guitar, vocals), Billy Hopeless (vocals), Rob Hunter (bass, vocals, percussion), Jay Millette (guitar), Valeria Felini (drums)

Billy, what's with your cub obsession? You even bought some of their underwear?

It's not just because cubs are an insane, high-energy, as-punk-as-they-come, self-destructive band spewing out obscenities. Oh no, it's much deeper and sicker than that! When I listen to their music, they speak directly to me, telling me what I must do! So if I've ever done anything that offended or hurt anyone, it's not my fault. I can even hear them now: "ooooooooooooooh-cha-cha" I have said too much! I'm sorry, Mistress Lisa -- don't punish me! Please! I am forever the son of the cub.

Speaking of cub, where did you first meet ex-cub drummer Valeria?

Billy: Well I'm told that Valeria first saw me when I was standing on the corner doing my job as a street whore. But I paid no attention to her and thought she was just another John. But, as I recall, the first time our eyes met I was just a young lad with my face pushed up against a chocolate shop window. I guess she thought I was all wide-eyed and drooling over her but actually it was the chocolate! Mmm, chocolate! And Valeria, since we're going down memory lane, where are the members of the Speed Queens, your brief-lived 'early '90s combo'?

My second Vancouver band, the Speed Queens, was formed by Michael and Iain from Kamloops, BC. Michael went on to form the great Blaise Pascal, now sadly busted up. The Speed Queens busted up after three shows because no one knew who we were, and when we told them, no one cared. Besides, apart from Iain's lyrics, which he sang in a deeply eccentric way, we sucked imperially. Our bass player, Steve, was a good musician with experience, but he was with a bunch of amateurs. At our most illustrious show at the Town Pump, my bass drum rolled off the stage. All 11 members of the audience stood wild and let it bounce onto the floor. Thank you, Vancouver!

Hello, Rob, the bassmeister. You're from Fort St. John. Another Vancouver music fixture, Rob Dayton, is from that fair town. What can you tell the readers about 'the secret life of Rob Dayton'? And Valeria, (yes, you again) what yams can you tell about the John?

Well, I don't remember a lot from those days. I mean, it was sooo long ago, but I will never forget the day I saw him. I had heard all the legends: that he was covered in hair, ate children, etc. But it was his howl that I found most frightening; his high pitch still haunts me. He was moving very fast so I didn't get a close look, but he was all sideburns and hair as I remember and his eyes were wild like a racoon full of buckshot. Later, he apparently changed his name to Robert 'Plant' Dayton and started a Led Zeppelin cover band --

Rich, can you please explain your 'connection' to the Viletones. You played with a Viletone!

Funny you should ask. This question makes me think of certain ex-members of this band who seem unable to do anything but try to make a name for themselves on the strength of being a former Black Market Baby. People so obsessed with the past obviously have no confidence in the future, so the answer to your question is NO!

Jay? Say something.
 (eerie silence ... begins to mumble something ... then ... nothing)

Ask yourself TWO questions and answer them.

Billy:
 Q: What's your sign?
 A: Well, my astrological sign is Scorpio, but my 'sign' would have to be the sign on the people mover at Save-On-Foods. It depicts a man falling a great distance and says, "Please hold on to the rail at all times!"
 Q: Why do you do 'that thing you do'?

A: Acceptance is the word. You see, all I've ever really wanted is to be loved and accepted. This word is so full of hate and spite that I often feel like a stray dog without a home, freezing in its coldness. So I've set out to be everybody's best friend, wagging my tail behind me!

Rob:
 Q: What do you want to be when you grow up?
 A: Dead.
 Q: How are Black Market Babies different than other bands that gig regularly around town?
 A: We're good.

Valeria:
 Q: What makes you glad about Vancouver's music scene?

A: The diversity, degree of good musicianship, the peculiarities and eccentricities of the individuals on the scene! Seeing bands play tones of benefits, right from my first exposure to Vancouver's punk/glam/rockabilly crowds at the Savoy, where a huge line-up of groups played to raise money for a cat's vet bill, to present-day where, on International Women's Day, Sparkmaker listed off 10 or more organizations for women to be aware of and support.

Q: What makes you mad about the scene?
 A: Not enough of us get out of our practice spaces, go down to a show and support the acts by not scamming in on the guest list and buying local products. I know lots who do, but I would say not enough of us are making the effort necessary to strengthen and unite our scene.

Jay:
 Q: Why did the Black Market Babies choose you as their newest guitarist?

A: (eerie silence ... begins to mumble something ... then nothing)
 Q: Do you think the Vancouver music scene is a healthy one?

A: (eerie silence ... begins to mumble something ... then nothing)
Anything else to add?

Beware of cheasy Clash-influenced wannabes. We are the youngest, loudest and mostl!

Discography:
 'Retrol World' / 'Tuned-out Tokyo 7' (Devil Doll) produced by the lovely and talented Joe Keithley. Taken from our forthcoming full length release.

Contact name and address:
 Rich Jones (602-8664), #1203, 1225 Cander St., Van, BC, V6G 2H8.



Who are you? (names, ages, instruments played)
 Paul Snepts: vocals, guitar (21), Johnny Martin: guitar (23), Brad Pitzel: bass (21), Shane Wilson: drums (22)
How did Juniper Daily hook up with 'Nettwerk's' Vincent Jones and Michele Gould?

Paul: I met Michele years ago in Toronto. She was then half of Lava Hay doing a weekly thing at the Cameron called 'Lava Hay's Living Room.' She then set sail for Vancouver where a record deal with Nettwerk awaited. Through Michele I met Vince, then part of the Grapes of Wrath. Years later I was in my own band; Vince was there to help us record our first demo. We played around town for half a year or so, and then enlisted Vince's help once again to produce and record our debut CD, *Stride*.

You opened up for Change of Heart on your Ontario tour, right? Is there any difference between BC and Ontario audiences?

Change of Heart was our first gig on the tour. We didn't have any experience playing on the road, and hadn't played for over a week with the travel time, so it was in some ways too bad we got to open for them in that state of rustiness. The gig was great though. It was a very small room, but somehow Change of Heart were able to fill it comfortably with sound as opposed to blowing the roof off the place.

The issue of audiences is a touchy one. Ontario audiences have a reputation of being rather cold and unresponsive. It's a reputation undeserved from our experience. In fact, they are very warm and receptive. We tend to want an 'event' before we'll part with our entertainment bucks whereas people in Ontario are more open to seeing live music on a regular, more local level. It's common for Vancouver bands to have to leave the area to achieve any success as a rule. Our audience seems, temporarily at least, far less receptive than Ontario crowds. Perhaps it's part of some cynical pattern that will soon correct itself?

Are there many other bands in Vancouver that use VOX AC30's? Does the 'Daily's' preoccupation with this type of amp stem from Johnny's friendship with Greg Watson of the Fiends/Buzzards?

The AC30 is not often seen at the indie level. They demand a certain amount of care and upkeep, and they tend to be very temperamental. Besides, they are pricey. The preoccupation comes as a result of their unmistakable tone.

Oh, and Greg Watson of the Fiends doesn't use the AC30, so no, it doesn't have anything to do with Johnny's friendship with Greg.





Oh, Shane, what exactly was your involvement with Oh Susanna? Has the major label 'bidding' war over her ended yet?

Shane: I played drums on her demo a few years ago and that was the only time I ever met her. I also played on the new Juniper Daily CD, *Stride*. Actually, we recently performed on the CBC-TV series *Terminal City* (airing date April 12th). Oh, and Oh Susanna gave me food poisoning from the Chinese food she bought me.

Hey Brad, please tell DISCORD readers about yerself.

Brad: I'm the token computer dork in the band, taking care of Juniper Daily's posters, faxing and crap. Before that, I was involved with Euphony, the fledgling attempt at an internet music magazine. Ask yourself TWO questions and answer them.

Q: Describe your music to DISCORD readers.
A: Our music is the kind of guitar pop that it takes a few listens to sink your teeth into. It's not in-your-face, super-catchy, three-chord pop. It's not pseudo-cerebral, intelligence theme-rock. It's not steaming hot, adolescence neo-punk. There's nothing wrong with any of these types of music, but they're not what Juniper Daily is about. We've just tried to write these good pop songs that are strong musically and lyrically as a whole.

Q: What's in the crystal ball for Juniper Daily?
A: Over the next few months, we are going to start up the PR machine and get marketing this record of ours. A short tour through the interior and Alberta in April will kick off another cross-Canada tour in May or June. Sometime between now and then, we hope to create our first video for none other than 'Blood Boiled.' Come out and catch us live on the next few months. It's going to be a great time for us as a band and hopefully we will build up a base that enjoys the music.

Discography:
Juniper Daily three-song demo cassette, *Stride* CD.

Tabloid

Who are you? (names, instruments played)

Two songs were recorded under the name Tabloid in 1996: "Doom," which is currently on the CTR 101.9 FM playlist and will be on the soundtrack of *Terror Within*, and "I Don't Care About The Beatles Reunion," which can be found on the internet. The musicians involved in this project were Mark Andrews (Mo), drummer of Strange Union; Rob Cook, ex-guitarist of Strange Union; and Kerr Anold on bass and vocals. Playing Drums is Marko, the most recent musician to join Tabloid.

How influential has the province of Ontario been on your musical or social development?
I have no social skills and know nothing about music. I just influence myself and couldn't care less if people tell me that I write music wrong. The way I see it, music is neither right nor wrong. It just is.

Has Vancouver treated Mr. Kerr of Tabloid fairly? Have Dead People been supportive?
Because Vancouver is surrounded by mountains and the mountain gods don't like letting dead people pass

them, there are lots of bored, dead people hanging out in the Vancouver area looking for something to do. They seemed to gather around me at first because I've had numerous near-death experiences and they thought I was one of them. When they realized that I was alive they started helping me out by climbing inside people's minds and convincing them I have talent. I sold the *Terror Within* movie script, which should be filmed sometime in 1997 after I give it a drastic rewrite. When I play concerts, dead people fill up the venue and climb inside the minds of the audience, convincing them I sound great and they like my music. If you could pick the lifetime you would like to be reincarnated as, what would it be? (i.e. hamburger, tree, etc....)

I don't know what would please me to be reincarnated as, but I do know that my greatest fear is to be reincarnated as a dandelion. You sprout from the ground, have a short childhood, age, your hair turns white, then someone comes along and pulls you from the ground to blow your head off.

Kerr, you've appeared on the X-Files and in Prom Night III — what's it like to be a 'punk' extra in film and television? Any interesting tales of being a 'punk' extra?

Today, several buds and I got accepted to play a Russian punk band in *The Sentinel* TV show. Deborah Harry of The Extra Solutions Group called me up and told me she had someone looking for some local band to play in the show and she referred me. Since I don't have a band, I talked to Dixie Bear Duggan and Clint Bodnar of The Ebola Monkey to fake guitar and drums, plus Shawn Murray from Scabie Nation. We'll be under the name Tabloid because we had to pretend we were a real band.

Which band do you like the best: Journey, REO Speedwagon, or Styx. Please explain your answer.
I'd have to say Styx because when I was a child I saw a Styx album and wanted to grow up to be as pretty as the blonde dude in the band. When I got older I no longer desired to be pretty and it really disturbed me when I found out that I was.

Ask yourself two questions and answer them.

Q: What do you think is the greatest threat to society?

A: I feel our current monetary system is obsolete. Everybody must concentrate on pieces of paper and metal in order to survive. Each successive generation must be larger than the previous one, so the majority of the population can survive and prosper while the people who either choose not to worship the money god or don't have the right amount of luck must become the scum underfoot of society. I think the only reason our monetary system has lasted as long as it has is that nobody's even attempted to figure out a new idea that might work, probably because humankind hasn't evolved to that point yet.

Q: What offends you?

A: I don't know if I'm offended by anything, but there might be something which I can't think of at the moment. One thing is certain: the outdated concept of bad words I find completely nonsensical.

Filmography:

Terror Within should be released in various film festivals sometime in 1997. *The Drainer* has been rejected by a few film companies, but will get sold and produced sometime in 1997.

Contact name and address:

A message can be left on the Tabloid internet site: <http://www.siwash.bc.ca/esside> — second building from the right in the second row.



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30 sec. motion picture

by Lori Kiessling

I'm staying up all night trying to type out an interview I did via mail. And mail is such a great thing especially from far away friends. 30 Second Motion Picture are made up of members of Shotmaker and Okara (plus one), two bands I loved seeing packed into small spaces full of energy, music and old friends ... back in Ottawa. 30 Second Motion Picture are Matt C, Matt D, Caroline and Tim ...

What's so great about the Police?

Matt C: The Police were the perfect rock band. A lot of people who read this will already understand that. If you don't understand it, I'm sorry, but I can't explain it to you. Talk about influences and inspiration.

Tim: In my opinion there are very few good bands these days ... so I'm impressed when I



PHOTO BY SHAWN SCALLAN

hear something I like. Having fun outdoors (like, ski, camp) inspires me.

Matt C: I get inspired by really great bass players who sing incredibly (Sting, the Police). What sorts of things are important to you? Matt C: Making music and singing is really important to me. Life experiences — good and bad — are really important, they keep me creating.

Tim: Life and the health of the earth. (That sounds cheery, doesn't it?)

Caroline: I'm the kind of person that expects quality in everything. So when I find a friend or a material object that makes me stoked I value that. I think it's important to respect other people in every aspect of life because that's how I expect to be treated.

Tim: Because Matt D isn't here, I'll answer for him: his family (he's a dad).

How did you learn to play guitar?

Caroline: I acquired an acoustic guitar on my 16th birthday. My sister tried to school me, but she was impatient. Tim helped me learn a lot of the basics and even showed me a blues solo. I have various teachers scattered across Ontario, also. The first few things I learned were Screeching Weasel riffs.

Tim: I'm self-taught. A Led Zeppelin guitar book helped.

What's happening in Ottawa right now?

Caroline: Right now, the streets are icy from freezing rain and the bakery across the street from me closed down. Not a pretty picture for a city that's usually quite nice.

Favourite Ottawa hang out.

Tim: Gattineau Park rules. It's only 10 minutes out of town.

Caroline: I stay in my room a lot, but I also like visiting local tourist attractions. There's a new worm sculpture here that makes noise when you walk by it.

Matt C: I enjoy hanging out with Team Bar at the Dominion Pub.



What cities have you had best/worst experiences playing in?

Caroline: In Almonte (small farm community outside Ottawa) the kids threw snowballs at us when we were loading the van after the show. They hit Tim in the head and I yelled at them. Matt C: The best shows are with good friends and nice people.

How do you feel about drum machines?

Tim: I think we should replace Matt D with one.

Favourite books!

Tim: Many people will think this is dumb, but I really like Douglas Coupland, especially *Microserfs* & *Life after God*. I'm pretty into reading plays. Faves include William's *A Streetcar Named Desire* and Pinter's *The Homecoming*.

Caroline: *The Member of the Wedding* and *The Square Root of Wonderful* are up there on my list. They're both by Carson McCullers, an awesome New York woman from the '50s.

I also adored *Kicking Tomorrow* by Daniel Richler cause it's about crazy, reckless youth. Matt C: *Two Years before the Mast* by Richard Henry Dana Jr. *Romeo and Juliet* by William Shakespeare. Joseph Conrad's *Heart of Darkness* and *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner* by Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Books are fun.

Do you know anything about Vancouver? Tim: You can mountain bike (Matt C says that mountain biking is lame) and snowboard almost all year round. That's amazing.

Caroline: The farthest west I've been is Chicago, so I don't know much about Vancouver except that it rains lots.

Matt C: I know I have a couple of really good friends who live there and I miss them very much.

Discography:

SHOTMAKER: split with Mr. Nobody/ 2 7" (Kung Fu) split 7" with Watershed/ LP (Great American Steak Religion)/ split LP with Maxamillion Colby (Nervous Wreck Kids)/ new LP/CD (Troubleman)

OKARA: 9 song demo/ 2 7" (Sweaky)/ full-length (Spectra Sonic Sound)

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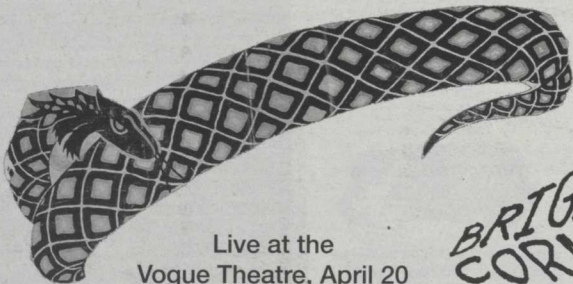
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WHERE IS NOT WHAT YOU WEAR

A s Louis Marin argues, representation constitutes a subject through reflection of the representational framework through which the subject is represented. The framework establishes the necessity of representation through, and by, representation, while also obtaining legitimization — and thus power — through the process of its own coming into being. These activities simultaneously constitute a structured system and a process; it should be understood as both at once. The framework in question is encouraged by/as popular culture, with its modern, associated qualities of commodification, consumerism and caprice, etc. (all of which have not always been qualities.) Values accumulate around any manifestation or expression of meaning that is engaged in negotiating popular culture, giving an added character and identity of affiliation that states: this is popular culture, subsequently pushing any meaning into a dialogic domain of association with a redeveloped appearance of access and accessibility. All representation that takes place here carries this self-referential circularity of entanglement and reiteration within it, even the marginalized or under-represented. The notion of the "margins of society" should not be exaggerated by being romanticized or mythologized. Positive things may also be achieved by an introduction and acceptance into popular culture; without caution, however, important critical distance and mobility may be significantly lost. This is a process of restriction by inclusion, where representation becomes contained within popular culture — this is exactly the power of constraint and subversion it imposes on the general condition of everydayness.

What has happened in tandem with this increasing process/structure of incorporation is the development of a particular sense of audience self-awareness — which presents its own problem. This is manifested in a curious, contemporary wisdom: wording is important, but reading is the real position of power. Correct or not, this simple idea greatly problematizes expression through representation. It constitutes a generalized popular reference, typifying a common perception of the present, invoking a postmodern character, facilitating the dissolution of centers of meaning, subject, truth, etc. Although this implies many progressive opportunities, it also has an associated and often unaddressed set of disempowering aspects, the most important of which is that real freedom is easily obscured by false consciousness, especially in so far as audience self-awareness is cast as freedom to be as an audience.

False consciousness is a disputed concept that has lost significant viability, partially in response to the growth of postmodernity. But postmodernity is a contested idea itself, one that implies an often one-sided representation of openness. However, a mass of free-floating and interactive texts may be seen as applying as many obligations and conditions of order as they do openings and mobility. The appearance of openness masks rules of order that,

strangely, persist into postmodernity's common representation of/as dislocated vagueness. An aspect of having a narrative is that when it informs, it also establishes the parameters for some type of order. If anything, postmodernity should carry the idea of over-determination, and not much else. It is a complex strife with contradiction. Regardless, false consciousness still carries a notion of ideological obscurantism, which describes an imposition of one way of seeing things over all alternatives. The structures I am examining here work to include options so as to limit their potential, by allowing options to enter into a set of established conditions (consumer capitalism), and the appearance of freedom is propagated continuously by the culture industry through the assertion of its generous inclusivity (promotion and extension of the definition of the framework of representation that constitutes popular culture). This appearance is also corroborated, again, by the prevalent postmodern sense of a centreless free-for-all, which is something ideally meant to encourage the removal of constraints, but is being taken advantage of by capitalists wholesale, albeit in a surface version only. A "knowing" audience may be a misnomer.

Another effect of this process is the equalizing of value of all representations of expression, a result of popular culture's persistent intervention/inclusion as a leveling medium and a form/message for representation. Individual distinction is threatened by the vastness of the combined, yet still alienated voices of expression (persistently problematic, even for the ambiguous non-subject/subject of postmodernity, rather than from just mass society). Yet there is a bias installed here: the empowerment of the reader works co-operatively with the leveling of value to devalue critical expression and encourage relationships of engagement based almost entirely around privatized pleasure; no other type of engagement seems viable. In so doing, private pleasure is placed in conflict with social responsibility — as a diversionary strategy or another effect of the dominant logic of representation? A moral panic is commonly invoked to break this activity — your freedom is compromised by any limitations placed on your enjoyment (read as popular culture). This is usually a false conflict — an imposed dichotomy — although it can become dangerously real. That popular culture is an important site for capitalism, not only in terms of profit but mass participation, further complicates this already very complex scene.

This effect happens within a relationship that progressively expands the opportunities for private pleasure, a very contested topic, subject to all sorts of restrictions (there are more questions than answers, especially here). Private pleasure does not simply rely on centres of meaning for positive justification, the relationship is much more complex — often antagonistic — although it is, strangely, almost too easily motivated and mobilized. There is an abstract relationship of placement, constituted through/as language via the body (a language world and a physical

world) — the sensation of centrelessness is related to this dynamic. Similarly, what is often involved in conflicts within popular culture is an unrecognized of some transitory moral basis, however dispersed and intertextual it may be — an unnamable/namable pressure, a "humour of truth," some form of influence is manifested. Unfortunately, it invariably plays out through the dominant logic of representation, which provides a self-supporting field of reference and justification; it becomes the moral reference. Despite the claims of this popular culture-type version of openness, an enriched and enlivened culture can be much more open. Committed effort is required to help develop. Such are the problems I have tried drawing attention to: the constraint of the dialectical relationship described in the previous essays, as well as the misleading array of representations contributed by the rhetoric of postmodernity's collusion with capitalism through popular culture.

Within popular culture, any organization of meaning is an ongoing process of re-negotiation and coexistence of simultaneous presence and lack, image and referent. Again, what is unfortunate is that this same dynamic destabilizes active and socially conscious organizing for change — or even just having fun removed from commodification — especially when popular culture is the primary forum/form for activities. At some point the rules of the game changed. Popular culture is not the domain that it once was. Let's leave it behind. Now is the time to develop more responsive strategies of popularization and organization (importantly, to take full use of technological advances by getting inside them, from the start). Working towards this, (necessary) critical involvement must do more than flirt with the tensions inherent in popular culture. Popular culture relies on tension to maintain an appearance of constant innovation. We are all helping to maintain this appearance of activity by not utilizing the potential that is around popular culture as it exists today, to move beyond it. If representation draws itself into a self-justified existence that supports a logic that establishes its own continuation, then change must be motivated from without as well as within; potential is imminently outside as well as within contradiction.

In this modern age, style is increasingly a dead opportunity, a rigid obsession with the code. Irony recuperates a weak defiance, a shambles of complicit involvement; its visibility is self-centered and limited. Much more can be accomplished by disrupting popular culture through explicit action; action that is impetuous, that is nameless and impertinent, that is not just style. Start with but do more than expand the topic range of popular culture as a form/forum, always question its definition(s). The goal is autonomy within a redeveloped culture of responsibility, against commodification but in favour of expression — all the culture, without the popular. Examine the situation you find yourself in, contemplate its potential, and become dedicated. More to come, hang on ...

kitty poulin

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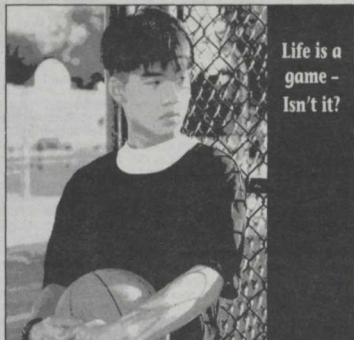
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olivia tremor control

by Jim Van der Meer



After hours of attempting to pierce the seemingly impenetrable security of the Beck show I finally met the Olivia Tremor Control. I was exhausted and they were apologetic. We talked about rock and roll and Gastr del Sol.

DISORDER: I was kind of surprised by Beck's self-conscious rock spectacle. Do you think that if a band gets too big that the rock parody thing doesn't work any more?

Will: I have no idea.
Like U2 doing the Village People.

Will: Yeah, that's pretty freaky. I don't know if it works, but the whole stadium thing is really weird anyway.

I was wondering about your concepts. You seem to work with what one might call 'dream-scape,' rather than technically formal techniques like a band like Gastr del Sol might do.

Will: Oh, they're great. I'm so glad you mentioned them right off, but I won't go off on them.
No, go off.

John: It seems that they're as lyrical as we are even in their instrumentals, so John plays bass, live, but he might not even play bass on the record. I'm trying to answer the question.

Will: Haphazard. Yeah, we look at it more as a project, not as a live band. We prefer to just sit around. We like to switch instruments, so John plays bass, live, but he might not even play bass on the record. I'm trying to answer the question.

Will: I don't think I've asked the question yet. How do you come up with a song if it isn't grounded in a musical arrangement? You seem to base your music on more of an idea and I was wondering where that comes from and how you build on that.

John: A lot of it has to do with the four-track. Some people — before they record — they make notes and write down the

lyrics and what the chords are or whatever. And then there are other people, like [Will] in fact, will wake up right out of a dream and plug into the four-track and whatever starts coming out is the song.

Will: Yeah, you go more on a feeling than anything else.

John: Rather than writing a chorus then a verse then a chorus.

Will: For example, a song like 'Opera House' was written eight years ago and it was, like, stream of consciousness lyrics but it's a 'rockier,' you know what I mean? It was written and then played and played so we all knew it over years. But 'Green Typewriters' was made up by successive days. Like, it might start with a backward cymbal, there's no song starting it, so then it's like, 'So what are we going to do with these backward cymbals?' Then when we've done it's like, 'Wow, there's a song underneath of that, where did the backward cymbals go?' and it's been erased because we've added so much over top of it. You might just be in the mood to start with a weird sound and then eventually a song comes out of it rather than sitting there playing a guitar with a 'la la la' in mind.

Rather than jamming until something comes out of it.

Will: Right.

Where is that going? Are you ever going to drop the string instruments and go into full electronica?

Will: Yeah, the next record. We're not going to drop the string instruments fully, but...

John: It's going to be more of a blend. There's a group called The White Noise who put out an album in '69 called *Electric Storm* and we just heard it recently. We've been discovering a lot of electronic works from the late '50s and '60s. What [White Noise] did is they studied how to do all that type of (electronic) stuff but then they put out this psychedelic pop album. They learned how to use all these effects and studio techniques in rhythm and they used all of these effects on great pop songs. It seems like that's the new direction, blending the two rather than just a pop song with a few effects here and there; instead, the effects are the pop song.

Do you bring the four-track tapes to the studio because the album doesn't sound like four-track?

Will: A little of both. You'd have to go through the album but some are eight-track and others are done on a cassette four-track.

John: And then we'd take the tapes to the studio and do a few overdubs.

Will: It's like what [John] said, you just wake up and roll over and there's the guitar. If it's got three strings on it, that's fine, then you get something you like. You play a riff and suddenly it's a song, or it's not, there's sounds anyway. **Is it hard to bring that to a live performance?**

Will: Incredibly, as you could see. What we try to do live is play the songs, and we try to do overdubs live. There's clarinet, and theremin, there's tapes being pulled in and stuff to add effects but we're not trying to do it just like the record.

John: Instead of trying to rehash the concept of the record, we try to make each individual show a concept.



Where are you trying to push pop?

Will: Olivia is definitely pop mixed with 'the sounds' but... **Are you trying to hold on to pop and run with it?**

Will: I don't think we're necessarily holding on to it. We have songs for the next record so I know it will be songs, but once that's done...

John: I don't think we're ever going to let go of the pop songs. We're going to work harder and harder at having a really solid pop song there but then envelope it with all these sounds that put you in a completely different world rather than just following the lyrics or the melody or whatever.

Will: We even thought about recording the songs for the next record and then releasing an album at the same time that has all the sound effects, but nobody's going to get two CD players and play them both so then you'll just have a rock album and that's out.*

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Speedbuggy

A small, developing co-op label coordinated by Simon Hussey of

Speedbuggy, Chester's Funtime Record Collection

(CFRC) was originally established to release his band's music.

However, after developing a relationship with the Toronto-based

Squirrlygun Records early last year, CFRC has focused on the local community.

Speedbuggy, Kaneva, Spacekid and The Electrosonics are four bands which are a part of the "local community" and have much in common, besides their shared musical influences (Stereolab, Luna, The Wedding Present, Swervedriver, Teenage Fanclub, Red Kross, etc.). They also have similar beliefs in what the "scene" should be and where their bands are heading. These bands' memberships have criss-crossed over the years, resulting in the line-ups that we see now. To this day, the groups still share some overlap. Kaneva's Tony Koelwyn triples as a drummer for Spacekid (he's also filled in with Speedbuggy on a couple of occasions) and Heather Campbell of the Electrosonics has sat in as a keyboardist with Kaneva. Undoubtedly, as long as the bands remain a part of the musical community in Vancouver, such interchanges will continue for many years to come.

Kaneva

The Electrosonics

Spacekid

by Brian Wieser

kaneva

Scooter: bass
Tony Koelwyn: drums
Wendy Young: guitar/vocals
Mike Boegh: guitar

With the addition of an analog keyboard to the band's already thick stereophonic chiming and guitar driving sounds, Kaneva climbs another level above what is already one of the best sounding bands in Vancouver. Even as a two-guitar, bass and drums combo, they have an incredibly full, sparkling pop sound that is sometimes reminiscent of the layered drones of Stereolab and Ivy.

Kaneva's live sound is captured well on record, and vice versa. With members assembled from early '90s groups like Friday Kills, Delve, Honey and MC Escher and the Fresh Prints, Kaneva came together in early 1994. After many months of practicing, they held their first performance late that year at an after-hours gig with Speedbuggy and the Real McKenzies. Throughout '95, the band continued to practice, playing the odd show and preparing to record for a release that never came about.

Support for the scene has come from radio stations like CITS, CIFS, Co-Op and numerous publications, but Mike and Tony (who previously drummed for Friday Kills and Delve) believe that a high-powered radio station playing local music would be beneficial. "I think the scene has matured a lot since Coast (the AM-band new music radio station in Vancouver that existed between 1991 and 1993), and if it came back they would have more local music to support," says Tony.

Mike also suggested that some kind of new music magazine would be helpful. "Another thing that's lacking is something that covers all different elements of the scene. Vancouver needs an amalgamation between something like Terminal City and DISCORDER to

reflects the scene as it is, involving a bigger circle of people. Nothing against Terminal City or DISCORDER, but a broader approach."

Unfortunately, events designed to give exposure haven't exactly worked in Kaneva's favour. CITS's Battle of the Bands competition "Shindig" eliminated them in the second round and they were unable to get into MusicWest in 1996. This was all right with Mike: "I didn't really have a high opinion of it. The best thing is that it was the spawn of MusicWaste. Originally, MusicWest was a good idea with the indie bands to begin with, but they've lost sight of that."

For now, it seems that Kaneva has sight of itself and what they want to sound like. Further, they know where they want to proceed with the band, as Tony summarized, "As far as it can go."



spacekid

Dennis Pyo: guitar/vocals
Nick Waldron: bass
Andrew Pyatt: guitar
Tony Koelwyn: drums

"I know shit about computers," says Dennis Pyo. "And I can't flick beer bottle caps."

Not exactly a battle cry for this technologically capable, angst-driven generation, but neither is Spacekid. Whimsical songs written by Dennis often refer to pop-culture icons like John Hughes, whose early '80s movies "almost defined that time period — the mindset." A song like "Molly Ringwald," perhaps their best-known tune, is an example of this approach. As a loose-sounding four-piece power-pop group with such carefree lyrical influences, the band is somewhat unique in this city.

Spacekid began when Dennis left his Vancouver home for Toronto in 1995, acquired a grant from FACTOR (a government organization that makes money available for recordings and videos), recorded a demo tape there, and subsequently distributed that tape. He soon returned home and had an easy time assembling a band. Right away, his old friends Nick and Andrew asked to be a part of the project. Shortly after that, Tony from Kaneva was added as their drummer.

By the time the band came together, the Spacekid tape already had a buzz about it that led to small write-ups in national magazines and appearances on charts at university and alternative radio stations across the country. Dennis explained, "We're flattered by [the attention] — sometimes we've had some good reviews. If someone likes the music, that's good, but we don't put it out with expectations of getting feedback or even getting people to like it. We like it, that's why we do it." Andrew adds, "We don't have dreams, but we're having fun. Every practice we have is fun. But when the fun stops, that's it."

Dennis continues, "It's equally a social thing as well as music for us. I like the fact that we know each other, and the attitude to music is not so serious."

"Right now it's nice what seems to be happening with all the bands, there's this nice community that's been built," says Andrew. "We're going to Nelson [to play] with Speedbuggy and others, and bands are getting together and helping each other out, and setting up shows."

Shoring drummers with Kaneva certainly builds a sense of community. Tony admits that "it's very tiring, but very rewarding and fun in different ways playing different types of music. The rock drummer in me comes out in Spacekid."

As Nick describes his playing he says, "Tony just wishes he had one arm and nine pedals."

"Or nine arms and one pedal like a Hindu god," quips Kaneva's Scooter.

When it comes to music or bad jokes, Dennis puts it well when he says, "That's a good thing that we can be cheesy and laugh at it."



the electrosonics

Eric White: bass/slide guitar/vocals
Clare Kenny: guitar/vocals
Curtis Hobson: drums and percussion
Heather Campbell: guitar/keyboards/vocals

Heather Campbell has been a witness to and a participant in Vancouver's scene since the late '80s. "Back when I was in garage bands there was quite a tight scene. It was really cohesive [and] there were lots of places to get shows. Then there was a real hole for about three years, from '91 to '94. The Savoy closed, a place called The Waterfront that used to be good closed up, and then the York, [but] the past few years I've noticed it's come back together. It seems to people like Simon [Hussey] — he's a new Nordvargr. I perceive things as getting better."



Starting out in bands like The Worst and eventually playing in Honey with Wendy from Kaneva, Heather's experience with music has been consistently positive. "I've played music since I was a 9-year-old girl, it's kind of a lifelong thing. The high points in life are being on stage and having people enjoy your music, it's super-great! Plus, The Electrosonics are a really tight bunch. We hang out together even when we're not practicing; it's my social group as well."

For Claire Kenny, the band has been equally family-like. "I had never been plugged in before this band," says Claire. In those three years, she's learned "everything I know. I now know how to make shredded walnuts look like meat!"

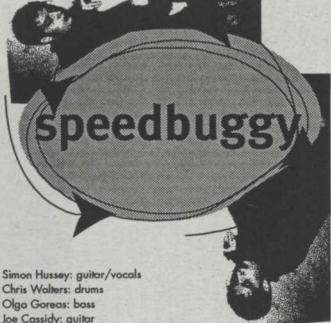
Just as Spacedid, socializing and lifestyle is a large part of why they are playing music together. As drummer Curtis Hobson says, "You can't lose yourself in the newspaper or in politics or your job, it's always art and culture. It's the spiritual factor for me — nothing takes you out of the drudgery of daily existence like art."

Asked why he plays music, Eric White jokes, "Like Leonard Cohen said, 'It's not a choice, it's a verdict.' Plus, we get to spend lots of money on nifty toys!"

Mixing art with their musical toys practically defines the carefully textured sounds of The Electrosonics, which are influenced by the more ambient-sounding British pop groups like The Jesus and Mary Chain and Spiritualized. As well, there are influences from others that rely on vintage keyboards, including Moogs, Rhodes, Roland Strings and Acetone keyboards.

Being part of a community outside of the band has been important too. For Claire, working together to put out a CD is "an opportunity to have something out there that you could send to your mom and reinforce the sense of community. Every time I go out to see a show anywhere in town, I always see other bands there and we hang out. It seems like things are getting a little bit tighter."

Dedication to a sound, to a band, and to a larger group of people are all components of bands like The Electrosonics, but there is a more personal reason why such groups are so dedicated to their craft. Curtis explained things this way: "Join a band, you'll see. Go to a show [and] lose yourself in the music. You can create your own world."



Simon Hussey: guitar/vocals
Chris Walters: drums
Olgo Gorae: bass
Joe Cassidy: guitar

Chugging along for a few years now, Speedbuggy has been moving with a full-on throttle. Now that they can be heard on two 7" records, one self-released compact disc, a Squirtgun-released CD and the Tiddlywinks compilation, as well as Squirtgun's compilation CD (*More of Our Stupid Noise*, which includes new material from Lou Barlow, Eric's Trip, Treble Charger and others), the band has been able to make something of a name for themselves across Canada with two tours as its relationship with Montreal.

The band has enjoyed its ease with Squirtgun, as Simon Hussey explained: "It's the perfect scenario to be in. The band is just an extension of our lives, and it's nice. It's casual, which is important. We don't want to get lost in the crap, and Squirtgun is just a nice, mellow label and it works well with us."

For all that will come to Speedbuggy from across this country due to the Squirtgun affiliation, Vancouver is still the community behind the band. For four years now, under a variety of incarnations (with membership that has since gone on to Kaneva, Spacedid and others), Speedbuggy has progressed and developed as part of the city's growing local scene.

The gears really picked up a year and a half ago with the addition of Joe Cassidy (formerly of The Many, and also with The Lions) on guitar. This change energized their music and helped them gain some recognition when they went on tour. But for Simon, the local community is what is most important. This was a primary reason behind starting Chester's.

"At this point in time there's a lot of cool bands and I thought it would be an important thing, [like] a time capsule when there's a lot of cool bands to put out there. And when Lee Maslin [from Squirtgun] talked to me, he'd never heard of a single band from Vancouver except for Moist and he figured that's all there was. When he heard us he thought we were the only ones, but there's others..."

"There's not as many 'rock' bands around. In that way the city isn't looking elsewhere for inspiration, and Vancouver's a focus of new music. For the last ten years we've been overshadowed by Seattle and there's been a lot of shit music, that really gross 'rock' music [with] a lot of people trying to emulate what was going on down south, and they forgot that we have the ability to do our own thing."

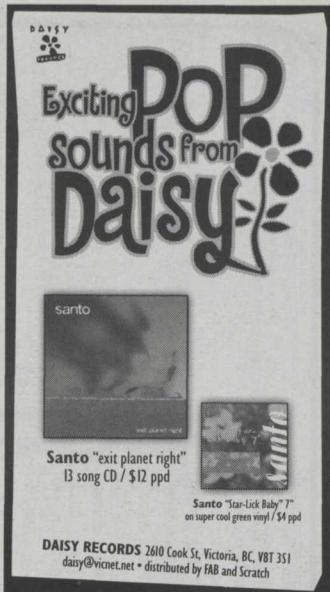
With their second cross-Canada tour behind them, and a third to follow this summer, Speedbuggy is getting a good chance to show the rest of Canada that they, like other bands from Vancouver, have the ability to do their own thing too.

Vancouver is like any other city in so many ways. There are boom and bust cycles in everything from construction to fashion trends, as there are cycles for ideals such as support of local music. Kaneva's Mike Boag has noticed recently "a concerted effort to go out and look for local bands and stuff they released and actually buying it instead of just going to local stores and just looking at it." Is this a sign of growing health in local music? At the very least it's a symptom. There are clearly a lot of people ready to support local music and it seems that many clubs have taken notice, opening their doors to local bands. However, the club scene is still far from that perfect, nurturing safe-haven for bands that we could all idealize.

Simon from Speedbuggy sees a lack of stability in the club scene: "Right now local clubs are competing with parties for attention, and as a result clubs have to be more competitive and go for the tried and true — cover bands and out of town bands — and it makes it harder for new bands to get started. I think it comes in waves, and we need a stable situation. There's always boozecams opening up, but nothing stable. There's clubs, but [any given club] may shut down next month."

Dennis from Spacedid also points out that not only are there "not enough places to play, but there's not enough people in Vancouver who go out. Three quarters of people who go out to shows are in other bands, or friends. No one goes out to see a band they've never heard of unless they're regulars at a bar. I don't know if that happens in any scene. And whether that's a good thing or a bad thing, I don't know."

What does Simon feel is most important about local music? "There's nothing important about it — it's just enjoyment, and you can place importance on your enjoyment, the spiritual entertainment. It's just fun to go out to a show and hang out with your friends and drink beer; that experience of going out is enriched. That whole time-honoured tradition of having a good time, it's just made that much better by having good bands. If you can go out on a weekend and there's a band that speaks to you, that touch... you, then all the better, and that's great — you've got to define what's important for yourself."



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LE PORTER BIEN HAUT

DJ Spooky is articulate, or is it better to say that he articulates? He expresses himself with his mixes and written works; in the process, characterizing a common sense of giddy confusion and excitement with the conditions of contemporary life, while displaying an informed, historically located, sense of place and purpose. His is a world of interactive texts, of ideas flowing and blurring, and especially, of the mix: a no-place where there is room for everything. Certainly, his excitement in this regard is infectious. DJ Spooky's mixes are rich, organic and vibrant, always moving and guiding, yet expressing a journey without an end or a beginning. There are clashes and conflicts, jarring noise and big beats, a diverse collection of elements that find their place without denying contradiction. In fact, this is the type of tension that DJ Spooky thrives on/in ... this is the mix. An admirable characteristic of any well-executed artistic practice or representation is the ability to evoke questions, to disrupt the continuity of our expectations. Like his mixes, DJ Spooky uses an interview subject, embraces an ambitious heterogeneity, turning more questions than possible solutions can cope. As such, his narratives support his texts, his work. They territorialize and deterritorialize one another in a process of evolution and play. If we leave him or his work with more issues to address, or vectors to pursue, then DJ Spooky has done the job that he has set out for himself. DISORDER had the pleasant opportunity to meet and talk with this friendly, well-spoken, young man.

by Brady Cranfield and Joseph Monteyne

pictures by J. Bilan

We should start with a technical question. Most of the interviews with you, or articles about you, have focused only on what you have to say about what you do. They hardly ever touch what it is that you do — your practice. Tell us about how you approach a show. How do you do your set up?

Well, first off, I see the whole D.J. aesthetic as an extension of the very conceptual art that has been going over the whole century, with collage and also bricolage. In terms of equipment, my standard decks when I'm spinning out live are the Technics SL-1200 mark twos. Usually we use a Network mixing board, a 24 graphic equalizer, several CD players or DAT players, depending on what's available, and also, sometimes mixers, depending on all depends on the gig. For this tour, the sci-fi theme, the whole thing has been an engagement with trying to create a feedback loop between the aural and the visual elements — which are film friends have made for my music. The kind of stuff that I thought would go well with my mixes. The films include such as *Craig Baldwin*, a film collaged out of films including such as *Crash*. He did a film called *Out of This World* — brilliant stuff. He did a film called *Some mid-'50s* — *Outlaw*. So there are fragments of this, some mid-'50s *Outlaw*, *Future*, and a lot of combat, from '50s.

Do you think that the other way of relating to DJ culture is actually, in a way, constraining a development that would be more organic like your own? Because it sets all of these conditions that might establish the type of creation that you're potentially making, setting the theme and the mood, and defining the context of experience, so that when it happens, it's already limited by that much.

People are so passive in their whole notion of how to create culture. This is what the fundamental question of what you are talking about is: what is culture, how the media tells us what is culture, and how people think ... if they see somebody on the cover of a magazine, this is real, and this is the more people like. I meet that have been on the cover of magazines the more I'm like, holy shit, I think that's what I hate. The more people I realize that most of this is basic, pure content. People can write and build something up that doesn't exist, over and over. What fascinating information it is that we live in hyper reality at this point. All about it is that we have information TV systems, media programs, magazines, what is real, what is surreal. All these are steps to grab at the moment. Even the music that we listen to

visual artist. I paint and I do sculpture, I plan on actually doing a lot more art installation stuff, and pulling back from the club scene ... there is so much weird politics, people pulling weird stuff all the time. The art world is no better actually, the art world is just as vicious and bizarre. But it is territory that is at least relatively fresh for me. I've been involved with that music years now, and I haven't done that many gallery shows.

Could you tell us a little bit about how you hooked up with Ben Neill? Tought you was all performing together with Ben, with one scene, the idea was to always try and build bridges between different scenes. I'm coming from the downtown lower east side scene. Ben is from the uptown east side scene. He is with the Composers Collective and an artistic scene. He is with the Composers Collective and an artistic scene. He is with the Composers Collective and an artistic scene.

[illegible]

I respect the British way, but one thing that annoys me is that they are taking so much from the US. I've got a dislike of it, that's why. They know about the US, they know that. Everybody who knows about music knows it. They're taking that whole shit from the US. I laughed. No, I don't think that experimental hip hop started with No Wave. No, it didn't. No, really. I respect their way and their cool. But again, damn it, I was. I was an extension of the breadbasket that was going on in Brooklyn in the late '80s. Goldie knows this but he's going to say I started it. But anybody that knows music history knows any time from Gramscian *Flashy Journey* on the *Wheels of Steel*, Stetsky's *History of Hip Hop* volumes 1-3, Manu's *snatch the list*, *Staying This Is a New York City Situation*. There is a huge James Brown in Brooklyn that was doing a dance to the late '70s. I love roots, roots are prom-



basslines

by dj noah (djnoah@cyberstore.ca)

What the Funk is going on? It looks like 1997 is going to be the year that funk and techno merge into a mind-bending form of music that bridges the chasm between vibrant and sterile. Funk (as in **Funkadelic**)! Use live musicians with guitars, drum kits, and horn sections, while techno is primarily machine-manufactured music, created mostly with the use of samples, loops and computers.

Homework (Virgin) is the title of the full length release by **DAFT PUNK**, the dynamic young duo of Frenchmen Thomas Bangalter and Guy-Manuel de Homem-Christo, who are revolutionizing music with their unique combination of techno and funk. This double vinyl groundbreaker is nothing short of brilliant. Most times, when artists try their hand at funk (no funk and techno), it can sound quite dated and cheesy. Not so

with this pair. "Do Funk" oozes funk from a 303 while harsh, grating sounds are belted out in "Rollin' & Scratchin'." One of my favourites on the album. It is this writer's opinion that Bangalter and Homem-Christo are destined to be placed among the reigning royals of techno: **The Orb**, **FSOL**, **Sven Vath**, **Hardfloor**, **Leftfield**, etc.

Sticking to the funky side of music, **FUTURE SOUND OF LONDON** have enlisted the services of longtime hip-hopppers **Monieism** to remix the powerful hit "We Have Explosive" (Virgin). Their Plastik Formula remixes use more recognizable hip-hop drum loops but still maintain the raw edge of the original. Even though "My Kingdom" was the first single from the album **Dead Cities**, the second single is going to be massive and will surely be on

influence to those recording hip-hop and techno alike.

The latest in the ongoing saga of **THE ORB** is **Exogenesis (blond)**. The "Toxic Genes mix" features along at 111BPM and has a slight East Indian-sounding influence. Somewhat slower is "Delia MKII," a techno-dub track that displays Alex Patterson's ability to use an entire 32 track board (at least) for one song, with many of the sounds overlapping yet not overshadowing each other. For those of you that need speed, check out Kris Needs' remix on the flip side! If "music is God's voice" (Brian Wilson), then surely The Orb are divinely influenced.

On the home front, **PARADIGM SHIFT** is the latest work to come from Vancouver's Subconscious Communications. It is a compilation of local artists that include **Phil Weisman** (aka Cap'n Stargazer), **Kevin Key** (of the now defunct **Skinny**

Puppy), and **Kone** (from North Vancouver). In case you missed it when it came out in 1993, the first single on **Subconscious** is on here, with the rest of the album consisting of unreleased tracks. If you like your music aggressive and unrestrained, then this is for you. Be warned, however, that this is not for those who don't enjoy industrial-influenced sounds. Perhaps listen to it before buying, keeping in mind that you will be supporting our flourishing local electronic artists.

Vancouver is not the only city bearing witness to a burgeoning electronic scene. Montreal, Toronto, Burlington, and Ganoanque are four eastern Canadian cities that have provided material, along with Vancouver, for the **NORTHERN CIRCUITS** (Interloch) compilation. It is a collection of ambient and ambient-dub tracks that has brought together Canada's most influential downtempo artists. The biochemical beats, soothing sweeps, and textured tones of this interplanetary mosaic combine to form a powerful mix.

One album that I have to talk about, even though it is far removed from anything else I play, is "Trip Tease" **The Seductive Sounds of TIPSYS** (Asphodel Records). This group of musicians (11 in all) were brought together

by Tim Digulla and David J. Gardner, and the album was produced by Naut Hamon. Naut is the co-founder of Asphodel and has been involved in music since the mid-'60s, making a name for himself as a founding member of the ground-breaking electronic band **Rhythm & Noise**. This full-length release from Tipy is like a mix of lounge, Polyesterian, and "moon" music. The complex layers of percussion, guitars, and other sparkly sounds put a modern twist on a sound that conjures up images of guys wearing skinny black ties and girls wearing tight skirts. Perhaps this album could be the soundtrack to a '90s **Russ Meyer** film!

Next up is the newest addition to Spider Records in Toronto. The self titled **REZZ** is a project created by former Seattle resident Peter Gokaris. This album provides some serious mind candy. It draws on elements of industrial, techno, and ambient music and is great for home or radio use. Unfortunately, most of the compositions are only two or three minutes long, making it difficult to use in a club situation, unless your sets are just as ***ed up as this CD. I highly recommend it as a mind opener for those of you who are stuck in formula "four on the floor" material. Check out "They're Forming"

(track 8) — it is a killer drum and bass/techno track that will send shivers down your spine!

Another group with a current self-titled release on the market are **LOW TECH HEROES** (Nova Zembla). This CD came out in late '96 and is a well-produced piece of work that uses live sounds and techno beats (that's original!). The redeeming quality in this release is that the Middle Eastern and Goa influences are used to enhance the tracks, not to overpower them.

Dipping in to the ever-expanding ocean of drum and bass, this month's highlight is **BREAKBEAT SCIENCE**, a compilation of the most influential and ground-breaking jungle artists of today. It comes to you courtesy of the makers of the **Volume** and **Trance Europe Xpress** series. From one of the youngest (**Eel Rush**) to one of the oldest (**Soul Slinger**), this double CD takes you on a rollercoaster ride through some of the most experimental tracks you will ever hear. There are representatives from almost every style of jungle on this product, and it is the first in a series that will explore the rather regions of breakbeat and drum and bass. If you haven't been turned on to jungle yet, this is an ideal vehicle to take you into the future of music.

printed



matters

City Come A-Walkin'
JOHN SHIRLEY
(Eyeball Books)

City Come A-Walkin' is a punk rock novel. A seriously Punk Rock novel. It is exactly the kind of novel you'd expect from a man named Shirley — the kind that forces you to pick the gravel and asphalt from your bloodied hands every time you put it down. It is a story shaped by a brain addled by stogie dives, fried by hair dye and assaulted by music loud enough to interrupt brain synapses. It is a world wound up on sleep deprivation and unnamed pills. A place where the street itself, roused by abuse and its own psychosis, mashes cars and bad guys with animated water moses and rampaging taxi cabs. The writing itself is a rapid fire assault on the brain, mirror-

ing the casual violence of the plot line by mauling any lingering suspicions the reader might have had that the world is not a violent, greed-filled sewer where grace must always be paid for with pain and blood.

City Come A-Walkin' is what you

by lloyd



how much of his terrifying vision has come true in the last 15 years.

Headhunter
TIMOTHY FINDLEY
(Harperperennial)

The premise of Findley's *Headhunter* is simple. Kurtz escapes from the

slightly complicated by a deadly plague and by the fact that the protagonists are mostly mentally ill and the antagonists are depraved child abusers, but basically it's quite simple. Send Kurtz back to the *Heart of Darkness* where he belongs. The only problem is that the only people who realize that Kurtz is a freak are heavily medicated and perceived as unreliable by anyone powerful enough to accomplish this task.

Perception is the key to this amazing novel. Findley writes from the viewpoint of the mentally ill with grace and insight. The scenes of the

view of reality than any of those attempting to "cure" them. Findley shows us that sanity is relative, and what passes for sanity is usually less preferable than the alternatives.

Disco Biscuits
VARIOUS AUTHORS
(Scaphre)

Disco Biscuits is the literary equivalent of munchie food, being quick, easy and greasy. Fun to eat, but nutritionally suspect. It has the slightly eerie vibe of a Sunday afternoon spent chilling out with people that have spent the weekend doing way

with a sharp stick at the end of pseudo-ecstasy impulses of the ecstasy inclined and shows why his novel-length works are worth reading. Similarly, Dean Cavanagh's "Mile High Meltdown" comes very close to being worth the price of admission by itself. A wonderfully short sharp take on the pervasiveness of outlaw chemicals set to a purely English jungle beat. Irvine Welsh is good with "The State Of The Party," but it's another tale about Scottish junkies — enough said.

Generally the collection is at its best when describing serious uncut, drug-induced craziness, but it

loses momentum when the tone shifts to the political or moral aspirations of the "Rave Scene."

However, if you set your brain to automatically edit out anything that sounds even vaguely like "somehow back in the late eighties when we really thought the music would change the world," the rest of it is a perfect read-on-public-transit kind of book.

GOOD BOOKS
BUILD
CHARACTER

pages of Joseph Conrad's *Heart of Darkness* while a schizophrenic medium is pursuing the pages of that novel in a public library in Toronto. And so the cold, calculating, amoral insanity that is so easily mistaken for rational intelligence is unleashed once again on the world. OK, the plot is

characters are reported with the same weight of reality as the delusions that pass for reality in more "normal" characters. It is these characters that provide the only warmth and comfort in a world controlled, by the twisted and the gothic and they easily have a clearer

GOOD BOOKS
BUILD
CHARACTER

more drugs than you have. Their rants concerning their chemical and sexual accomplishments are entertaining, but tinged with the inevitable disillusionment of the come down.

Martin Millar's "How Sunshine Traveller Lost His Girlfriend" is an amusing poke

The Colorifics

by June Scudeler

In case you've been living under the proverbial rock for the last year, kids are sipping martinis in unheard of numbers and good luck finding cocktail attire at a Value Village anywhere in Vancouver these days. As some people get disgruntled at the generic quality of heavily hyped so-called alternative bands [can you tell the difference between them?], music from a more sparkling era has (alas) become trendy. Tired of

low-fat, no-smoking, and no fun, hedonism is in, baby.

With the monthly Blue Lizard Cocktail Club and the weekly Gin and Sin night at the Niagara Club, "loungue" style and music is the trendy thing. Local bands' releases, such as the '20s-inspired Molestics' *Tropic of Hukom* and the '60s-style jazz pop of the Colorifics' *Living City*, are hot off the presses. With Lindsey Davis' smooth vocals and

The Colorifics' blend of jazz, pop, folk and swing. The Colorifics will probably be able to survive once the lounge crowd has moved onto the next big thing. I interviewed The Colorifics' Lindsey and Bernie (who came in later, still alive after badly cutting his finger trying to slice sugar cane!) in Lindsey's Water Street apartment.

Lindsey started singing at a jazz festival in Quebec two years ago after she had moved out West, they asked her to play at the jazz fest again, so she had to put together a band. She had been singing with country swinger Ray Condo and it was in all the brochures at the time: "Lindsey Davis and the Swingin' Dukes," because that was the name of his band at the time. He decided he didn't want to do it at the last minute because he didn't want to back up a singer other than himself. So she phoned guitarist Bernie Boulanger (of Rattled Roosters fame) and two members of The Minstrels and they ended up playing at the jazz festival in Quebec. After "scandalous relationship break-ups" that saw the departure of Minstrels Dave and George (who both now live in San Francisco and are in the Friends of Dean Martinez), Bernie and Lindsey's relationship began and The Colorifics were born with the addition of Jason Lasalle on bass and numerous drummers. "Drummers have been a bit of a problem," says Lindsey.

She admits the band's name wasn't their idea; it came from famous local art guy Lincoln Clarkes. He also gave Lindsey the name of the tune that got an awful lot of airplay at CTR: "Now I see heaven from a 747," he just leaves it on his answering machine [and says] "Now work with it!" He is also involved with their video for "Soda Pop," for which they received a Factor grant.

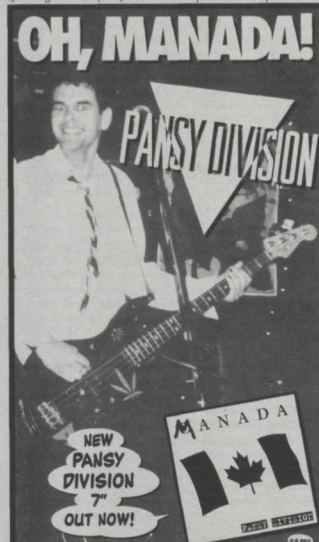
The sound quality that I liked so much on the CD was achieved by recording in Bernie and Lindsey's brick-lined Water Street pad. Another factor was Bernie putting his guitar "amp facing the piano — under the piano — so sometimes if you can hear a kind of an organy sound, overtones of bells, it's because it's resonating in the piano."

Lasked Lindsey what inspired The Colorifics to do the music they do and it came back to the jazz fest in Quebec — they obviously had to something within the genre. George suggested they add '60s pop to the mix, so it was simple and under-

standable to everyone, not just to jazz improv enthusiasts. The artists they first drew inspiration from and also did covers of include Chris Isaak ("cause he's kind of jazzy, wongy poppy"), Nick Drake (who died in the '70s from overdosing on antidepressants in England), and Julie London. "Plus, Combustible Edison was just coming out at the time we were starting, so we were listening to that a little bit too and, personally, I have this thing for kind of a gypsy flare; somebody said 'Baltic folk.' I was happy to hear that Bernie also shares my enthusiasm for Cole Porter, who 'writes amazing, timeless music; super, well-crafted songs.'"

One of the originators of the Blue Lizard Cocktail Club, Edward, lives upstairs from the Water Street couple; Lindsey remembers when she, Bernie, Edward and Justine (Maxine Von Mink), would "get together and talk about how great [it would be] if Vancouver had a place where you could go out and not have to be bombarded by loud noise and have a good time, too; that was the basic essence of it ... They said, 'We don't know any acts,' and I said, okay, I know The Molestics, I know Za Za [Velvet] — she's amazing; Kinnie Starr, she's my cousin; Pure Velour and Lux, who were already together and doing their thing." Having said all that, Lindsey doesn't want her band to be seen as just a lounge band, but she can understand why they are called lounge. "I don't want to say because we're 'lounge' that we won't play country, because we don't want to be limited — we do have some kind of folksy jazz to us," Lindsey explains, referring to the Nick Drake CD playing in the background. "We want to have more staying power and substance, because music is an art for us, it's not just a quick cash trend."

When asked why *Living City* wasn't released on the Blue Lizard label, Lindsey said that the Blue Lizard wanted them to appeal to the "hardcore cocktail crowd," and the band didn't want to narrow the options. She also feels it has become more of a fashion show than not enough pride in the performers. She would have loved to have seen a photo taken of all the performers together in front of the Waldorf, a la "A Great Day in Harlem," the famous photo taken in Harlem of a lot of the jazz greats in the '50s. *



OH, MANADA!

PANSY DIVISION

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MANADA

PAUSE RESPONSE

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GOB

APRIL Wed 16th Cranbrook, BC at the 17th at Barbary Coast in Banff. Fri 18th at 8 of C Black Lounge all ages and the Regatta in Calgary. Sat 19th at the Hub in Edmonton 2 shows. Sun 20th at Cheaters in Saskatoon. Mon 21st at the State in Regina. Tue 22nd at Royal Albert in Winnipeg. Wed 23rd in St John in Kelowna. Sat 24th-Sat 30th Quebec & western Canada. Sat 30th in Kelowna.

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between the lines

I am at a point in my life where I am really happy and into appreciation of pretty much everything. Take that as a hint that if you send me a zine, I will be pretty receptive to its content. I am hoping that this will keep up into the next millennium at the least.

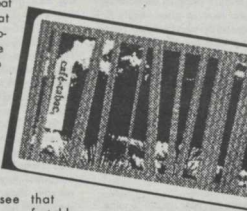
WE WERE WEDNESDAY MUSICIANS

(48pp, quarter size)
The author wrote this zine as a means of dealing with the death of a longtime friend. Rather than deal with the immediate feelings of loss and grief, the author chose to recount the experiences with her friend from the past, specifically focusing on a crush that she had on him in elementary school. Composed

of diary excerpts from when she was younger, this zine takes an interesting perspective on death. It was kind of neat to know that there are people who have the ability to look at the good memories rather than that a person left behind when they die.

I was also delighted to see that Michelle was comfortable printing her diary entries from what could be referred to as her "teeny bopper" years. This zine was well presented, clearly layed out and all and all a good read. Send twenty

five cents and a stamp to: Michelle Cross, 920 Pine Street, Kamloops, BC, V2C 3A2.



CAFE-TABAC

(16pp, mini)
I got about 35 mini-zines from the creator of *Cafe-Tabac* the last time I checked my mail. I really enjoyed reading each

of them. As a collection, the author writes what I would say is the zine equivalent to a *Future Sound of London* record — somewhat trippy and surreal, with high points as well as lows. A collection of sensory journeys that leaves you confused, yet very satisfied. *Cafe-Tabac* is a short poem combined with imagery. Like most minis, the aesthetic value is very strong. Beautiful. Send a dollar and see what you get back: 50 Storey, Regina, SK, S4X 1L4.

DAMYATA

(16pp, half size)
This zine reads like long-form poetry. It is absolutely amazing. Sera writes about her experiences sitting on a field with a bunch of kids with whom she has never really connected and from there, she begins to explore

vari-ous events and aspects in her life. None of the separate elements in this zine are heavily connected to one another; nonetheless, the zine as

a whole is pieced together with remarkable artistic unity. It is difficult to articulate how much enjoyment this zine brought me. Sera, Box 4056 MSC, 3001 Broadway, New York, NY, 10027-6598.

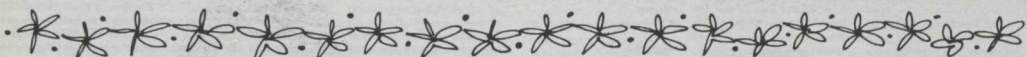
FERN #11

(24pp, half size)
Somewhere in the houses of most zine kids lies a box of letters that have been written but never sent. The content of such letters varies from person to person; however, a common trait of all these collections is that they are writings that will never be read by others.

In *Fern* #11, Kim has printed a collection of letters that she has written, but not sent. A lot of these letters are focused on her



writings while travelling. I really enjoyed reading those as I have not travelled much and it gave me insight into an experience that I would like to have myself. A lot of these letters focused on personal revelation of sorts. Issues such as coming to terms with her need for contact with girls while on tour with a bunch of boys, getting married and sexism. I would say that this entire zine is worth reading just for the quote: "welcome to the world of hardcore, where record buying is more important than the words I speak." God, this rocked. Send a couple dollars to: PO Box 2337, Berkeley, CA, 94702.



Barbara Anderson — grizzled femme of the 45s — is currently off label dancing in the land of the rising sun. During her absence, I have cordially been invited to play Girl Friday, which suits me just fine. The glee of commanding a public floor is noisily heady — especially as I require some audience participation.

After much deliberation (and Kaborian wisdom) I've decided to change my name! Whoopie whoop for you, fine, but I'm firing with the perils of nomenclature here. Those in the know assure me that one poorly chosen vowel will saddle me with life-long bolts and agonizing leg cramps. Help me avoid such a fate! Contact the station! Pretend there's a prize!

My first name is Stu. The real question is... What's my last? While you're mulling, I'll examine a painfully appropriate

split single from the State of Cheese. The **TEEN IDOLS** shore plastic with **MULLIGAN STU** — charming out two rave-up, teen anthems a piece. Both bands play loud and friendly pop-punk suitable for driving quickly to the Mulligan Stu give a raucous stovetop-pipe-jean salute to **The Primitives'** classic "Crash" for bonus



points from me. Teen Idols wildly tear apart the crankshaft. Full to burst wit/piss 'n' vinegar, it's the best of times/really really simple aesthetic gloriously at work.

(Rhetoric Records, PO Box 82, Madison, WI, 53701)

Also making like bananas are two young maritime labels. The east coast is still doggedly spitting out fully formed pop sensations, and **STATE CHAMPS** are no exception as they head squarely down **Pavement** Way. If imitation truly is the sincerest form of flattery, "You'll Love the Epicat Palms" will have Malkmus & co. blushing down to their bootheels.

THE NOTES generously provide tracks oodles better than their past faux-industrial slugs. "The New Physics" (co-released on their own wee label) winds college-boy rock across an uncertain, barren, quantum landscape and back around the Mobius strip as a computerized voice mumbles warnings about metaphysics. Perfect for watching fractals spin. A Nova Scotia fishing village lurks in the fuzzed-out guitar and

thrummy bass mix of the second song... I just don't know where. Yet. (Daydream Records, PO Box 29057, Halifax Shopping Centre, Halifax NS, B3L 4T8/Ant Records, 93 Normandy, Truro NS, B2N 3J6)

STISISM is garage-trash at its goriest. In honoured camp tradition, band members have adopted ghoulishly foolish names. Singer Mikey Plague insists he is the "Bacon Man," on skins is Stu Pendis. (Note: Pendis is not on occasion one of the same name sweeksters. Neither is D. Baker.) Perverted rouchably to dissect your bassist by, if the ketchup-drained cover is any indication. (Intensive Score Records, PO Box 142, New York, NY, 10002-0142)

KACTUS provide one fast song and one slow song chiming with sweet **Pastels** bells. Adorable Japanese multi-fans leading the **Italo** of lo-fi pop sailing cheerily across the warm Pacific seas. Watch for two more tracks as they pop ashore on California's Pop Inga comp (loosely translated as "Pop Shrine") with a slop of other dances from the burgeoning Tokyo scene. (Sonorama Records, PO Box 25952, LA, CA, 90025)

More charm-poll! The **PUSH KINGS** earn a royal razz for

going their feel-good syrup all over my roommate's record player. Blasted horn section slicked up his poor needs beyond repair! But maybe I'm expecting too much from these rascally-cheeked Harvard lads. Their excellent donation to last year's Jaboni Youth compilation spent weeks rewinding on my car stereo... greedy of me! wanted more. Sigh. Time was ultra-catchy polished twee like "Macy, Macy" would have me grinning through the cavities.



I'm obviously losing my youthful optimism. Pray it's nothing a good root canal and some Push Kings on steady rotation won't fix. (Sealed Fate, PO Box 9183 #120, Cambridge, MA, 02139) **FORCE** I am ready to chat pleasantly about — and not just because they're from Langley. The single-side release **Boys!** have your canary warble, your ginsu slice or your frito lay, but don't waste waste waste the lovely clear [1] plastic! lurches into a bumpy,

Cramps joyride through the dank and musty bowels of a leery metal swamp. The vocalist has his jaws full of Spanish Moss, which is fine on the bayou, but by slower and (dare I say) prettier track number two, the rasping proclamations of doom are wearing a bit thin. (Anonymous Records, #103-53360 201 Street, Langley, BC, V3A 1P7)

Please lay the four sides of **CLIMAX GOLDEN TWINS** double 7" and to end, sit back, and let the disc gently re-release their skittering crystal chickens into your home. Switching channels on an interplanetary feed, fragments of melody connect with Gornelion brothers to jig wistfully across the ribs of mechanical joints. In this pastiche of found sounds, loose guitar ends, orbiting banyards, bright psychedelia and jazzy bass riffs, 50,000 men wearing pink rubber boots squeak carefully past a Vervain gymnasium. A Hindi spiritual chant hovers near car parts being systematically denatured. Someone is flexing their teeth with fiberglass. Rapid-fire cut "n' paste jumble allows to frame ambient scrapings in a wily celebration of soft metals. Very good stuff indeed. (Fire Breathing Turle, 1810 A North 40th, Seattle, WA, 98103)

of Vancouver-based **Space Kid**, another released demo, "Molly Ringwald," which I played for all of my friends but I could never find out who sang it. "Molly Ringwald" is a one-song tribute to '80s pop culture and the entire album continues that trend. **Space Kid** play good Canadian pop in the **Sloan** vein with clever, catchy lyrics and solid instrumentation. I think my favourite song is "Slog," after all, someone had to write it. One song included the album "Sympathetic groovy cool man, like a con of spams." It doesn't get any better.

Kris Rohstain

SPARKMARKER
500 watt burner at seven (Crista)
This album is heavy and basic and good. Check out "Saved-off Bed Silent," where **Sparkmarker** acts to sound like **Fugazi**. Actually, they do on a few tracks, and sounding like **Fugazi** is never bad in my books. Beware of track 12, a soundtrack of spoken word: do not be fooled into believing that your phone is off the hook, that noise is part of the art. **Sparkmarker's** new release is definitely worth listening to, and the local band is well supporting — they do their share of supporting the community.

NK

THE SUPER FRIENDZ
Slide Show (Murder)
The word band of pop boys from Halifax is back with another slab of hits. **Slide Show** picks up where the band left off on their last full-length release **Mock up Scale Down**. There are a few advancements, their sound seems refined a little, but overall it's that same poppy sound with lyrics that sometimes make reference to Canada. I actually found a few sleepers on this album, a few songs that sound a little awkward. However, songs like "Up and Running" and "Forever a Day" keep you up and going in true **Super Friendz** fashion. Much of the same, if you enjoyed the **Friendz** on **Mock up... or Play the Games** not **Games**, you will still love this album. Overall, another fine release from **Matt Murphy** and Co.

Kenny

TIMBER KINGS
She Changed Her Name to Mashuma (Incentive)
Being from Victoria, I thought I'd give these **Garden City** rockers a listen — after all, after 21 years living here, who better than I could appreciate the nuances of their island-based pop punk? How right I was. First of all, let me just say this: when these boys start rocking, they rock hard. Unfortunately, when they stop rocking they sound like the **Barenaked Ladies**. And equally as unfortunate,

those particular songs take up about half the album. Also, the album plays out like 18 tracks of Victorian jokes.

While you don't have to be from Victoria to appreciate songs like "Speedway," and "When Larry Wins the Lottery," it sure helps. If you are from Victoria, definitely give this a listen and a laugh. And since they recorded the immortal "Pop Punk Band in Spain," I will forgive them for writing, "Chick Band."

Mr. Chris

UNDERWORLD
Pearl's Girl (Wax Trax/TVT)
You just can't get enough **Underworld** ever since you bought the **Trainspotting** soundtrack. Well, there's more. "Pearl's Girl," the stand-out track of **Second Toughest in the Infants**, is remixed here along with a couple of unreleased tracks. First is "Pearl's Girl (In There)," which is a noisy, hard trance version of "In There" which appears on the super **Wipeout XL** compilation. This track is the goods.

"Pearl's Girl" (14996 version) takes snippets of Karl's lyrics and echoes them over more pounding hard trance. Another good cut.

"Puppies" is slower, pulsating trance with rambling, indistinguishable, distorted lyrics. It's only 3:50 minutes long and doesn't really go anywhere; sounds like B-side filler.

The other band of pop boys from Halifax is back with another slab of hits. **Slide Show** picks up where the band left off on their last full-length release **Mock up Scale Down**. There are a few advancements, their sound seems refined a little, but overall it's that same poppy sound with lyrics that sometimes make reference to Canada. I actually found a few sleepers on this album, a few songs that sound a little awkward. However, songs like "Up and Running" and "Forever a Day" keep you up and going in true **Super Friendz** fashion. Much of the same, if you enjoyed the **Friendz** on **Mock up... or Play the Games** not **Games**, you will still love this album. Overall, another fine release from **Matt Murphy** and Co.

"Cherry Pie" has great pounding electro drums. Good acid house with some tweaked-out acid lines. Cool track.

"Mosaic" is also good. It has that lovely cricket sound from "Rez" and a keyboard part that is a bit jazzy that reminds me of Jay Dee's "Plastic Dreams."

As you can tell by now, I give this EP the thumbs up. Never-

less, it would have been cool for more drum and bass remixes because it is the jungle style which makes **Pearl's Girl** so out-standing.

Brian Wright

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Go-Kart vs. the Corporate Giant (Go-Kart)
Looking for a deal? **Go-Kart** is prepared to offer you one. Their jacket advertises 28 songs and over 20 tracks with unreleased stuff from the **Lunachicks**, **Weston**, and **Berserk**. Still not sold? Well, our **Go-Kart** hero danglely states, "pay no more than \$3.99." For less than four bucks you should be able to find a **Go-Kart** by your agreement; like say, **The Wives**, **Stressmagnets**, or **The Trickbabies**. To further entice you, they've added weird facts about each band (perfect for those unfortunately in search of so-called indie cred), plus a fairly weak cartoon, and a **Buttstuck** song called "Men Who Pause" (very witty). It may be an obvious for the consumer support, but there are worse ways of trying to get attention.

Thalia

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Mushroom Jazz — mixed and compiled by DJ Farina (OM Records)
Chicago expert **Mark Farina** is one name that's synonymous with today's underground House music culture. A once-a-week Chicago native, **Mark Farina** has rocked himself up with roughly a decade's worth of DJ experience spinning everything from mid-'80s industrial, to soulful garage, and deep jazzy house. A man known for his eclectic tastes, he has upped himself one by representing the world of down tempo, acid jazz, and funk on this mixed CD compiled mainly of tracks licensed from smaller, American indie labels, thus presenting us with his own self-created mix, "Mushroom Jazz."

With his foundations now set in San Francisco, **Mark** has launched OM Records exclusively for his **Mushroom Jazz** releases, one of the first being this here CD which more than ex-

plifies those eclectic tastes by blending hip/trip hop, acid jazz, and straight up R&B into one seriously FUNKY mix.

Some of the artists thrown down are **Julius Papp**, **Apollo Grooves**, NYC whizkid **J-Live** with his debut single "Longevity," as well as some smokin' vocal cuts courtesy of **Naked Funk** featuring **Valerie Etienne**, and **Chicago's** own **Paul Johnson**.

This CD would be a nice departure from traditional 4/4 mixes, as **Mark** brilliantly devises, states what can be achieved from using straight-up R&B vocals, big ass bass lines, and phat breaks within an impeccable 45 minute mix.

If the beats aren't enough to grab you, there's a bonus CD-ROM thrown in which features interviews, various web links, and your own personal mixing station. More bang for your buck, most def.

g smiley

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Northern Circuits (Interchill)
Place under ambient... —60 minutes of heaven-etched tracks by all Canadian artists. General mood — relaxation in the glorious chill rooms of our land or dancing softly beneath the wide open starry sky on a warm summer solstice. The beats easily transfer you off to your planar peace. Nothing rises to a scream. Exceptionally gracious tracks include **Adam Shaikh's** "Tall," **Pilgrims of the Mind's** "Sandcastle," and **Drift's** "Fog."

Karen F.

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Plastic (Network)
To tell you the truth, I was rather cynical about picking this one up. **Network** hasn't exactly set new ground as far as new music is concerned recently. Truthfully, I think they actually took three or four steps back with such notably lame as **Peace, Love and Pitbulls** or **Papa Brittle**.

It looks like they pushed PLP and **Papa B.** back into the '80s crapden where they so

mercifully deserve to be. Taking a lesson from the guys who put out the **Wipeout XL** CD, the album art features Japanese manga and Chinese characters all layered on top of computer drawn pop-art. Hey, for what's basically a techno CD, the merch stuff sells...

But wait, **Underworld's** "Pearl's Girl" and the **Chemical Brothers'** "Loops of Fury?" Highly unoriginal, as "Loops" was already featured on the **Wipeout** CD and **Underworld**, well, they're everywhere now. New acts such as **Sully**, **The Crystal Method**, and **Propellorheads** — they give rise to a new level of audiobills, akin to **Wipeout** introducing **Daft Punk** and **Phatex** to our computer-saturated world. The best track of them all, by far is "Raincity" by **God Within**; that track alone makes up for the fact that this compilation comes out three years too late to be regarded as "with it."

Now back to my Diogenes spiel, why the hell is **Garbage** in here? No band deserves that much exposure I'd like seeing the same damn rerun of the **Simpsons** over and over again! There's other episodes out there, show them dammit!

Anyways, on the whole, if the discerning techno-wannabeur wants a good listen, the compilations by the **Warp** label are still the best of the lot but this will do for the North American uninitiated... for now.

Christina

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Stoned... Chilled Groove (S.O.U.L. Vibration)
Special music to soothe your tense muscular regions. Someone

asked why, if I dislike modern society's living in a landscape of metal, concrete and wire, do I enjoy electronic beats so much. "Cause many artists can bring forward the pleasure tones transforming cold metal into a heat-producing source on a cold night. Out of the ugliness comes great beauty."

On **Stoned... Chilled... Groove**, you will only hear "ambientpsychedelectronicheadsunkindunk." Appearing are **File Brasile**, **Reborn**, **Global Communication**, **Journeymen**, **DJ Food**, **Asian Dub Foundation**, **RHC**, **Freel Power** and **Bandulu!!!**

All tracks provide acute audiosensual foot-tapping, head-tossing, and ambient music is alive and well.

Karen F.

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Submerged Blooming Brooks and Bulging Beats (Incentive)
There's only beauty on this compilation.

Somehow jazz ran into a synthesizer vibed and cannot disengage. If you're looking for a compilation with more beats per second than ambient provides, and you enjoy jazz, vocals and/or dance music, try this. It cries out "spring" and "buds" all over. C'est un beau jardin. I don't have a lot to say, 'cause I'd rather enjoy the music, dance and let you figure it out.

But while you drift through the universe, pick this up for some listening to. This music will find a home with space children trying to integrate with earth mortals.

Karen F.

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BECK
Thursday, February 6
UBC Student Rec Centre
 Believe it or not, a February Thursday evening in the SRC gym was truly where it was at, with two turntables and many microphones. As the jacks pumped in weight rooms around, Beck worked the crowd.

Mr. Hansen and friends, including quick-witted DJ Swamp, were swamped by many lights hitting the kitch beach back drop. They seemed a surreal cabaret. Punch and Judy on Speed glowing in the dark hall. There were carefully orchestrated moments when the band would freeze, only one hand still flicking on drummer or DJ. Beck was a rebroadcasting Jon Spencer, a glam rock cowboy in the encore, when the band donned animal masks.

A wide range of material was covered in the 1 hour 45 minutes of punk: much of Odeology and much of Mallow Gold, including "Loser" of course. Rick ensued at a Mallow concert when he wouldn't do that one; poor, self-cursed guy. It was scary to be in the same room as someone who handed up a college report of Beck described simply, "He's a loser."

Even first album *One Foot In The Grave* made an appearance, during a solo, acoustic interlude. This saw eccentric Beck talking a lot, pondering the mysteries of new age, and playing games like "Auhole" and "I Get Lonesome." Such poignant numbers were a relaxing break from the new evolution of "The New Pollution," "Devil's Haircut" and other Odeology offerings. Beck said, "This ain't disco, it's rock 'n' roll," and it's a nice to see some new, mellow songs. He did say in an interview that he was hard to put slower, funkier tracks on the new album, what with the **Dust Brothers** (now **Chemical Bros**) as producers because their house was like a constant party.

This performance's brilliance was confirmed by Beck's ironic point that this UBC show was the first date of his West Coast tour (lefts face it, University Blvd. is hardly Haight Ashbury), which was taking a while to sink in. *James Bainbridge*

VOICES AND VINYL: The Valentine's Day
Friday, February 14
Whip Gallery Cafe Garden Room

"Love is like a stone Twinkie, Twinkies rot and love is mean, what a Ding-Dong I have been." (Alexandra Oliver, spoken word artist)

Upside Down Production's 'Slam-Bam-Jam-A-Ram' inspired a sexy new insight into the St. Valentine's Day celebration. It reminded us of the Pagan origin of the Festival of Love, rejoining in the energy of uninhibited expression. Just as the Pagan tradition called for an exhibition of love in its rawest form, this slam poetry competition beckoned us away from the lovely commercialization that Valentine's Day has become. It captured a collage of meanings about the beauty of human emotion that those mass-produced Hallmark greetings fail to convey. The Whip provided the perfect atmosphere for vocal invention in its newly expanded space. Poetic themes and content matched the eclectic art deco and rummage sale decor in the studio-style space.

We were there to observe the qualifying round for Vancouver's 1997 Slam Poetry theme, the dedicated effort of James of Upside-Down Productions and Graham of the Vancouver Slam Poetry Association. Those who make the team will be contenders at the North American Performance Poetry Action Competition in the U.S. Because of the significance of this event, spoken word artists engaged the audience with original and enticing representations of their work. Semifinalist Jan Griffin appealed to dejected single women as she cried out: "John-boy Walton — thank God for you ... you wouldn't grab my ass unless we were engaged!"

Andrew Thompson won the grand prize of 16 dollars for her titillating associations between lust and a shot of tequila.

To conclude the night's talent, Alexandra Oliver and S.R. Duncan both offered trademark samples of their poems. Steve mesmerised us with the nostalgic story of Mrs. Morgan Chase the World.

D.J. Martin spun acid-jazzy funk tunes to an appreciative audience and kept the groove between the music and the poetry created an excellent ambience and enticed the soul. However, what impressed us the most is the active interest in co-ordinating such events which contribute to Vancouver's art scene. Without a doubt we are looking forward to attending the next spoken word event.

Jan Hills and Joyce Indig.

BABBA MAAL
Thursday, February 15
Vogue Theatre
 Cigarette companies that support the arts get a bad rap. Certainly it gives exposure to their product

— after all, who can think about the jazz festival without thinking of the Joe Maurier logo? — but nevertheless I think that Joe Maurier is rather like a sheep in wolf's clothing. It is because they cough up all this dough that I can see free jazz in Gastown in June; and get exposure to lesser known bands without all the fluff and hoop-ho of big promotions.

A few weeks ago, **Babba Maal** came as precursor to the jazz festival. What a fantastic show that was! From Senegal, members of the band combined traditional African drumming sounds with influences of jazz. If there were ten people on stage, there were a hundred. Drummers dancing around to the music brought the audience into the show, so that we were not merely spectators. A few times everyone was in their seats dancing — you had no choice, because the band carried you along. The bright colours of their traditional clothing looked brilliant as they spun around and jumped to the beat of the drums. Best of all, the dancers and musicians seemed to be having fun.

I even saw one of my philosophy professors there dancing in his seat. **Nietzsche** would have been proud.

John Stead

KINNIE STARR
Thursday, February 20
W.I.S.E. Hall: Women In View Festival
 "Is anyone else being affected by that big white ball growing in her sky?" Kinzie asked after her first song. Most of the audience yelled out yes, the almost full moon was screwing them up too. Kinzie Starr is always talking to the audience, jumping off the stage (none too gracefully, she pointed out) and discussing the cycles of the moon and her mood swings. Despite forgetting the lyrics to several songs she performs all the time, it was a great show.

The W.I.S.E. Hall was a friendly venue and it's always a welcome treat to hear Kinzie unencumbered by her band. She is superb on her own, although she likes constant interaction with people. She invited anyone to come up on stage to sing or read anything they were working on, on other one woman took her up on it. Kinzie did a combination of songs on her rented Mexican Stratocaster, performed some spoken word pieces and read some new poetry which kicked ass.

Kris Rothstein

9TH ANNUAL WOMEN IN VIEW FESTIVAL
February 20-23

February we all remember as the coffee-infused, drizzly in memory of mental collapse, emotional meltdown, inevitable breakups, breakdowns, re-winds, unwinds, downwinds and shutdowns. Plus it rains more and is colder (relative, we convince ourselves, to anything). Alas, there is for me one annual saving grace for February. It's Vancouver's Women in View Festival, a showcase of women in the arts at a bunch of venues across town. I will have the chance to catch a couple readings and performances to get a taste of the diversity of stuff to see.

On February 20th, as part of the First Nations Performance Series, BC writers **Edan Robinson** and **Jeannette Armstrong** read at Green Thumb Studio, a sort of evening of the verteran-and-the-new. Robinson is a recent graduate of the M.F.A. Creative Writing program at UBC, and has just had her first book of stories, *Trappines*, published. She's a hilariously funny woman in person, and so's her writing. She read from a novella about a girl dealing with the fact that her Mom's a serial killer, featuring a dog named Picnic who humps crows "steady as a jackhammer," and an insane Mom who lops the head off the neighborhood's shrew while she's in its back in her daughter's forearm ... all aside a nice, white picket fence. Robinson later gave us more of a taste of her quirky sense of humour with a puppet show/opera in native tongue, and then she confessed, in plain vocab, "because I'm just learning." Keep an eye out for two more books to come, for which the contractors have been signed.

Jeannette Armstrong is a well-known Okanagan performance poet, novelist, singer, storyteller, teacher, you-name-it-versatile artist and outspoken advocate of Native rights. She's the author of a novel, *Shash*, several award-winning children's books, a collaborative book on the Native creative process, and has recorded an album called *Indian Woman*, for which she was nominated for a Juno. She read to us from good looking ones in cowboy boots, doris. They never take 'em off. Then are things you can't ignore, from the poem "Music the Tyrant Dances to". An artist who writes primarily in her Okanagan language, and for her people, Armstrong's words nonetheless transcend boundaries, imagined and otherwise.

On February 22nd, I dropped by the Cutch to see a few more stuff at the Festival. The afternoon series began with a Courage Project reading of "I Sing, Therefore I Am," a story by

Carmen Rodriguez about a Chilean woman who survived torture, rape and imprisonment before coming to Canada and finding a life for herself and her child. Following that was a solo dance performance by **Denise Lonewalker**, also a First Nations Performance Series event. Lonewalker's "A Tribute to Anna Moos Aquash" is a powerful statement about one woman's fight for Native rights in America in the '70s. Aquash was a Micmac woman from Nova Scotia and an activist within the American Indian Movement. Her murder in 1976 revealed the corruption and conspiracy within the FBI long since well-known to Native people. Lonewalker's riveting piece, set to spoken word laid over reggae and jazz, used the imagery of horses in a journey through rage, abuse, and silence to empowerment. Totally mesmerizing.

I got one last taste of courage at the Festival, from "A Leg to Stand On," written by Rachel Wyatt and starring Linda Rino. This comedy/musical/dance piece tells the true story of a dancer and her experiences, following a crippling back injury within the medical system. Here, medical instruments are phallic symbols, colourfully-garbed fist-nose hallucinations promise pinatas full of new legs for busted plastic dolls, and the patient spins around in her wheelchair while scenes of her past dancing stardom swim across the front of her white hospital gown. Eighties aerobic instructors even make an appearance in those tragic rainboots. The body is a metaphor for a satisfying Sunday morning. Alas, I exited The Cutch to a sunny afternoon putting the bookend on another great Women in View Festival, and I figured thirty February was pretty much over.

Heather Hermant

THE QUEERS
GROOVIE GHOULES
THE MALCHIS
Sunday, March 2
Thunderbird Entertainment Centre

Every time I go to an all-gays show in North Van, things get weirder and weirder. This time around the show was a bit more functioning bowling alley. The stage was set up in the middle of the alley across four lanes and the place was bathed in black light. Throughout the show, on either side of the stage, people were glow-in-the-dark bowling. Weird.

If you haven't seen **The Malchiks** yet, in one of their seemingly hundreds of shows, you'll probably be pleasantly surprised. The Malchiks are a local 10-piece (on this night anyways) ska band. They play with a confidence that must come from the fact that the number of the band members rivals the size of the audience. The singer started the show with a gigantic four-foot bellyflop onto the floor and he didn't slow down for the rest of

the night. Half of the band ended up playing in nothing but boxer shorts and they seem to have done some new and frightening, new for electric tape. Weird.

Next up were the **Groovie Ghoulies** who surprised me. I haven't liked their recorded stuff all that much but they played really well. It was solid, tight, complete no-frosting-in-the-fucking-Punk Rock. I really enjoyed it. I would have even bought one of their CDs if I wasn't completely broke.

After a long break, **The Queers** were up. They picked up a groovy-haired-teenager guitar player from somewhere and were acting like a four-piece tonight. I guess Joe Queer can't hold his own for their live shows. Anyways, they played well and almost every song was a crowd favourite. However, there was no like to their performance. Joe Queer just sort of stood there and played. He didn't move. He didn't laugh. He didn't talk. There wasn't a single break between any of the songs. The only time he smiled was when someone crashed into his mic stand and whooped him in the face. It looked like someone had just run over his dog or killed his mother or something. It was depressing.

Dave Tolnai

PHILIP GLASS
Monday, March 3
Vogue Theater

One of the masters of modern music brought himself and little else to the Vogue — except for some stripped down arrangements of his body of work. You might even describe "Minimalist" **Philip Glass**' evening of solo piano as rather, well, minimal.

Gone were the layers, leaving a core of often sombre, very personal music.

Much has been said about Glass' playing. Virtually every critic who reviews grades the press kit felt compelled to point out the composer's lack of virtuosity on the keyboard. I can't help but wonder why anyone expecting an evening of delicate, nimble piano work would be reviewing this show in the first place. It's pretty obvious Glass has never tried to be the next **Artur Schnabel**, a set of pieces pulled from across for both the film, *The Thin Blue Line*, and a stage adaptation of *Kafka's Metamorphosis*. Both had their moments, but seemed to grow a bit stale.

After the intermission, Glass played a short piece from his operatic collaboration with **Allen Ginsburg**, *Hydrogen Jukebox*. Glass explained he likes to take any opportunity to play instrumental versions of the work when Ginsburg is not around to recite the poetry.

"He's such a wonderful per-

former, often people don't even notice that there's any music at all."

The piece "Wichita Vortex Sutra" kicks off with an understated, almost gospel or anthem-like intro, and it established the tone for a more dynamic second half. In particular, his "Six Etudes" for the piano seemed like the most interesting part of the program. Oddly enough, they're part of a work in progress.

The sparse arrangements of some of the older pieces were inevitably less grandiose and ultimately less impressive than the originals, more fully realized versions. One of the immediately notable pleasures of Glass is the mesmerizing yet simple interaction between the voices and instruments in his ensemble work. Still, he delivered a cross-section of his material to make for a solid evening—though perhaps not as earth-shaking as, say, the opening night of *Einstein on the Beach* 20 years ago.

Michael Chouinard

MALCHIKS PORTAL B BACK ROOM SHAG Wednesday, March 5 Starfish Room

Back Room Shag burst open with a sweetly-aggressive, worry-free exuberance that overcame the unsuspecting crowd. This young trio, comprised of a quietly had their shit together and displayed a fresh innocence, feeding off each other's energy, thoroughly enjoying every heavy, non-threatening vibration. Their style is a blend of funk, soul, and a touch of Nirvana. North American **Ash, Sonic Youth** influenced, a bit **Soundgarden**-ish, **Green Day** style, yet maintains a sweet authenticity. They like to stay from the hard stuff as well, but they haven't perfected it yet, and are best and clearly most comfy when heavy.

Portal B set a new postjob ambient, pre-death march tone with their first song appearing to aim for a dark, moody **White Zombes** go punk. They stayed back and forth from a surf punk/**Rancid** sound on an ominous, contemplative tone. It was difficult to find a common thread from song to song, but the best I can do is to ask you to imagine an early **Orfing** basement gig, experimenting in all directions towards ballads, aggression, and even **Maritime** sounds. They lock an edge, using soft chords that could sound harder, but when they "find themselves"—pick a sound then perfect it—it'll come together with the charisma and talent they possess.

Portal B might have made an attempt at between-song chit-chat and humour, but **Malchiks** made a career of it, clearly pumped for entertaining the entourage of fans they brought with their friendly, positive sht. Led by an incredibly manic personality, born to be a showman, singing in a Rob Schneider from *Saturday Night*

live busker-in-the-subway-jazz style, **Malchiks** stumbled through their set, fiddling around between songs as if at their own private party, but then providing crowd reinforcement with each lively song. The brass section was an energetic bunch that played around with a very tight rhythm section which included guitars, keyboards, and then providing crowd reinforcement with each lively song. The brass section was an energetic bunch that played around with a very tight rhythm section which included guitars, keyboards, and then providing crowd reinforcement with each lively song. The brass section was an energetic bunch that played around with a very tight rhythm section which included guitars, keyboards, and then providing crowd reinforcement with each lively song.

Daria Lyvy

EL VEZ Wednesday, March 5 Richard's on Richards

I was so excited about this gig that I slept badly for weeks in advance. **El Vez**, El Groover coming to Vancouver! The last hours before the concert were like the stage it fell apart, somewhere in the city, and I had to wait to get a glimpse of his vinyl-dad greatness.

And he didn't let us down. **El Vez** and his audience blew onto the stage, full combat fatigues, aviator sunglasses and uzis, unfurled the flag of the United Farm Workers Union and launched into a rousing **James Brown** cover. "Say I loud! I'm brown and I'm proud!"

"This is the glitter-rock revolution!" **El Vez** declared with a twist of his hips. He put **Gary Glitter** to shame in his platform combat boots, one zip-locker action beat, and a single, sharp, and bouffant **Elvis** do, not to mention the gun-tot! **El Vez** in combat gogo boots and came mini-skirts. Not that these looks lasted more than ten minutes: **El Vez** changed his entire costume changes during the close to two hour set, from sequin shirts to glow-in-the-dark serape pants to a red vinyl jumpsuit. One ten song marathon medley required three different pairs of pants and shirts; he must have had the seams attached with Velcro so he could whip off each consecutive pair with a single swipe and fling them away to reveal even flashier pants underneath. The most hilarious change took place on stage behind a backlit white **Che Guevara** flag.

The sweat was flying onto **El Vez** and the **El Vez** how do they do it in those silver platform shoes? **El Vez** brought high-impact aerobic choreography that gave new meaning to "sweatin' to the oldies." The energy expended on stage far outweighed that of the riveted but subdued audience. **El Vez** milked his cult status for all its worth, the endless supply of white towels to wipe off his sweaty chest conjured up days of **Elvis** in Vegas. The seduction of women in the audience was pure tongue-in-cheek trash, too—he knelt on a speaker in front of one woman, wiping his neck with the signature white towel and asked, "Are you as wet as I am?"

El Vez was more than just guitar and gimmicks, though. He managed to find a unique balance of camp and substance. Playing mostly tunes off his most

recent album **G.I. Ayl Ayl Blues**, **El Vez** worked his way through a high energy set loaded with irony. His lyrics pack a political punch; his parody and reverence of **Andrew Lloyd Webber**, **Elvis** and **Randy Bachman** tunes are truly clever. Clearly **El Vez** is on a mission to empower and liberate Mexican-Americans by reinventing himself as a cult hero and over-the-top stereotype. He really is **Elvis** because **Che Guevara**. He celebrates Mexican history in tunes like "The Arm of Obregon" and "The Cuauhtemoc Wall," immortalizing himself as the likes of **Cesar Chavez** and **Emiliano Zapata**, and sings rousing anthems like "Power to the People" and "Viva La Raza." "Chicanismo" (to the tune of "Little Sister") is a rallying cry for Latinos everywhere to dare to defy race and gender discrimination.

Of course, the whole **El Vez** phenomenon would be incomplete without **Priscilla** and **Lysa** Maria, a.k.a. Those Lovely **El Vez**ettes, and the superb backbeat band of scruffy white boys who transformed "La Cucaracha" into a surf tune.

The show ended a little after midnight, allowing plenty of time for adoring fans to swarm the merchandise table and get autographs. The **El Vez**ettes had won over my affections by the end of the show, so I avoided the mob that was attempting to break in Vinyl, and zeroed in on **Priscilla** (in red vinyl hot pants and gogo boots) for an autograph. I always was a sucker for a woman who could handle a big ...

Anna Fritz

OPPS MOMMY, I BROKE IT Friday, March 7 Black Sheep Books

McCarren is a member of **Opops Mommy, I Broke It**, a local collective of young poets. The group appeared at **Black Sheep Books**, along with poet/songwriter **Rick Keating**, as part of the shop's weekly reading series.

McCarren was right—it got nasty. As fellow collective members **Angela "Sycil" Crockett**, **Ghost** and **Duckie** each took their turns, they wore a tapestry of alliteration and despair, occasionally pornographic and often spiteful.

Ghost (aka Bill) and **Duckie** (who offered no other names) seemed to share a fascination with the violence of the most recent. **Ghost** and his most famous resident.

"I am the god of hell," began one of **Ghost's** long and ponderous rhymes, while **Duckie** warned, "I'll rape you and I'll take your soul." Evidence of too many hours spent playing Dungeons and Dragons, perhaps, but harmless enough.

And then there was **Donovan**

Wishart. When the evening was over, the members of **Opops Mommy ...** were eager to point out that the 18-year-old poet was not one of their number. Apparently he had just wandered in and asked permission to read.

When he did, he managed to find a little something to offend everyone. **Wishart's** oeuvre consists of works with titles like "Less Fuck," "I Wanna Be Your Anarchy," "Hey Girl," and perhaps his defining statement, "Fuck the World." It seems young **Donovan** fancied himself an incorrigible bad boy with a nihilistic streak. "I am evil," he warns, "stay clear of my wrath." On "Hey Girl," he directs his impotent wrath toward the police: "I'd like to put a fucking bullet in your head, fucking pig."

Now, here's something to be said for youthful nihilism, but even **McCarren**, with his unsubtle blood-and-sadness verses, said he was offended by **Wishart's** blatant sexism and misogyny. When I asked him what motivates him to write, **Wishart**, clad in a pot-leaf cap and a proletrian t-shirt, answered, "Society, messed-up emotions of love ... and drugs."

I enjoy attending these readings but, to me, spoken-word poetry is a bit like watching television. Reading a poem is an active experience: it sits there on the page and challenges you to not let it distract you. It's a matter of focus and depth—or lack thereof. A spoken-word piece allows for little interpretation; it comes and goes before you have enough time to fully absorb it.

At the evening's end, the focus of a round-table reading—sort of like channel surfing. I had control of the remote, I would have kept it on **Rick Keating's** channel all night. Although he recited one poem, he sang most of his material, accompanying himself on acoustic guitar. **Keating's** pleasingly gruff vocals contrasted nicely with his pretty, ringing chords. Leaning forward as if to sing into an invisible microphone, he kept time by tapping his foot on the floorboards.

The 47 year old **Keating's** sometimes-bittersweet lyrics had everything the words of the younger poets, for the most part, lacked. They were mature, reflective and emotionally honest. The closest he came to the existential angst of the **Opops Mommy ...** crew was "This Is Not My Life," in which he sang, "Where the hell is my country house, my car and my pretty wife?... This is not my life." Of course, he was playing this for laughs, using irony where a lesser writer might use sarcasm. This was my first exposure to **Keating's** work; I hope it is not the last.

As for the members of **Opops Mommy ...** their hearts are certainly in the right place. They publish a magazine called *Slits*, which provides a forum for the writings and artwork of Vancouver's disenfranchised youth.

"It's a good magazine," said **Ghost**. "It helps out some of the

street kids."

Opops Mommy ... is hoping to appear at the next **Lolapalooza** and the collective has plans to release books and a CD in the near future. Let's hope they develop poetics to match their ambitions.

John Lucas

Sno-Core Tour FACE TO FACE THE PHARYDYE, VOODOO GLOW SKULLS MXPX

POWERMAN 5000

Saturday, March 8

Whistler Conference Centre

Years and years ago, I thought it would be really cool to have a concert tour with bands and skateboard/bmx demos, the two things that go hand in hand so well. Frankly, the **Warped Tour** was born. (If only I had lots of moolah to start something like that.) Now comes the **Sno-Core** tour, a rowing bandwagon bringing together a bunch of bands along with snowboarding at major snow destinations across North America.

Powerman 5000 started things off. They did absolutely nothing for me. They were a little cheesy. Their set was short, whorly made way for surprise guests **MXPX**, who are a trio from Bremerton, Washington. Their sound is nothing new, but they did bring a nice, refreshing feel to the set. They rock it out hard and talked a lot to the crowd. Their songs started to sound the same, but my only real lament was that they didn't play their hit single, "Move to Bremen!"

The **Whistler Conference Centre** starting to fill up when **Voodoo Glow Skulls** hit the stage. They are trombone, trumpet, sax, guitar, bass, drums and a singer who ran all over the place shouting what sounded like "ow ow ow" into the mic all the time. They were fast, but I couldn't understand the lyrics well and things became a great blur because I was quite tired from boarding all day.

I made it into the crowd for **The Pharcyde**. It was first introduced to their sound earlier in the day at a friend's house, where everyone was pretty stoked on **The Pharcyde** experience to come to the event. They didn't disappoint. I'm not yet hip-hop kind of guy, but these guys were slick and, most of all, they were good. All of my images of hip-hop come from the idiot box, and these guys smacked all those preconceptions I may have had about the genre.

After a short break and a product toss of corporate goods, **Face to Face** took the stage. They did rock! I was with next to some of that snowboarder angst everyone was telling me about as the kids kicked out the jams for these guys. They managed to play fast, furious and melodic to precision, drawing mostly from their self-released. They walked the walk. Just before two kids smashed into them on their way to the stage, they

shrieked, "It's our song!" as **Face to Face** struck the first chords to "Blind." It was a fun show and a perfect weekend highlighted with some of the best live rock on the old snowboard. Yippie!

Kenny

TIM BRADY/ SMITH QUARTET Sunday, March 9

Van East Cultural Centre

Not knowing Britain's upstart

Smith Quartet, I assumed they

would be following the tradition blazed by the **Kronos Quartet**—this was right. There wasn't anything in their set with Canadian content. **Tim Brady** that really struck me as groundbreaking.

My comments, though, should be better thought of as a spoon of honey rather than a bee sting. **Kronos** is, after all, as fine as a group to model yourself after as any out there. The five players did manage to make some rather interesting sounds, some of which were performed only by the quartet, some by Brady and some by all on hand. These collaborations were by far the strongest and were well-chosen as a fitting climax to the show.

Gavin Bryar's piece "After the Requiem," for strings and guitar, was particularly poetry. It was written for **Bill Fissell** to perform in honour of **Bryar's** friend, **Bill Cochran**, who had been killed in the **Lockhart** air disaster. (Haven't heard the original yet, but as I am an absolute **Fissell** nut, I have to say **Brady** did just fine.)

The finale to the show was **Brady's** "Dance Me to the End of Love," in which the guitarist topped his way through a variety of pedals, evoking pipes, organs and some surreal mandolins, all the while being backed by the pulse of the quartet's strings.

If you know **Steve Reich**, you could take his piece for **Kronos**, "Different Trains," stuck it underneath his piece for **Pat Metheny**, "Electric Counterpoint," and the result would sound a lot like this. In a word—dazzling.

Unfortunately, some of the concert's earlier pieces, in particular **Boccherini's** "Rachos Noire" (featuring a sample of wheeler-dealer **Brian Mulroney's** singing) and **Christos Hatzis' "Unanuv"** were sketchier. The sounds of the tapes used in these works provided only background ambience rather than a real starting point for compositions—nice ideas which really needed more fleshing out.

I admit I originally heard these three unpolished pieces by a piece by **Michael Nyman** (one of my favourites). This probably would have made the lineup of music stronger. However, I should give the **Smith Quartet** and **Brady** an extra round of applause precisely for picking some work by lesser known composers.

Michael Chouinard

orphan STUDIOS

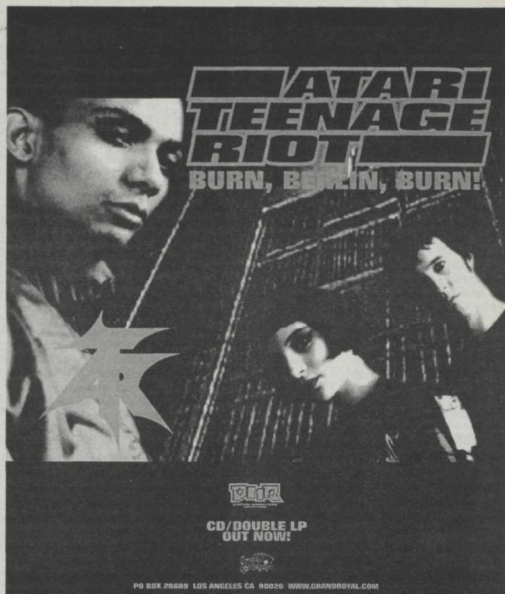
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TOP 103 + THREE

THIS MONTH

1. JAZZ JAMMICA
2. TITO PUENTE/INDA/INDA
3. BOONNY HUAN-SPIED
4. GLENN TURNER
5. INDA
6. INDA
7. JASON MILES
8. LUCIANO
9. CHRIS WILLIS
10. BLAKE
11. Mykel Rose
12. Jimmy Funder
13. Joyce
14. Colorado House Choir
15. Highland Sexual Project
16. Bobby Mote Al. Cab. Jazz Ind.
17. Noyceon Soul
18. Jerald Vibration
19. Conita Williams
20. Ray Charles
21. India/Noyceon Soul
22. Steve Hammond
23. Herbie A. & M. Chae/T. Tami
24. Kevin McHugh
25. Giuseppe Hobbago
26. English Budo
27. Blackstreet
28. SWV
29. Curtis Mayfield
30. Sinia Maria
31. Black/Note
32. Monty Alexander's L.A.S.
33. Just Gang
34. Fogies
35. General Nussler
36. David Sanchez
37. Ronnie Lowmyer
38. Alphonse Monzon
39. Althea
40. Horacio Silver
41. Ponce Sanchez
42. Barrington Levy
43. Marcus Pripp
44. Anthony Hill
45. Mark Morrison
46. Giovanni
47. Jimmy Cliff
48. Michael Bracker & The Nelson
49. Special GFI
50. Michael Bracker
51. Ecuador Chavez
52. Du Hyl
53. Helen Taylor
54. Anthony B.

BL REITER
is
The MOLE
OF
(SOUL)

SUNDAYS 7-9PM
CJVB 1470 AM
103.3 FM (cable)

APRIL 1997
EL TOPO EL PEEZ

1. SKARAVAN	JAZZ JAMMICA	RYKOSIC
2. MYFORKAN SOUL	MASTERS AT WORK	GIANT STEP
3. JAZZY	TITO PUENTE/INDA/COUNT BASIE	RAH
4. THE GRAND INCONTR	DIANNE REEVES	BLUE NOTE
5. MIGRATION	GERARD NAULET	MARQUE MUSIC

MOLEDEE OLDEES

LAVERN BAKER	DON JUAN/SVED
YAKHOT KOTTO	HAVE YOU EVER SEEN THE BLUES
WES MONTGOMERY	WULOW WEEP FOR ME
HARMONITES	JERICO
HAROLD MELVIN & THE BLUE NOTES	IS THERE A PLACE FOR ME

LAST MONTH

1. RYKOSIC
2. BANG
3. EDWARDS (UK)
4. CD 12"
5. ENI LATIN
6. BAHM
7. WEA
8. STAND JAMMICA
9. STATE SONGS
10. BANG
11. Gwendolyn (UK)
12. Mone
13. World Pacific
14. Benson
15. Liquid LP
16. Uruguay
17. Great Sep
18. Tulum (Germany)
19. WB
20. Great Sep
21. WP (UK)
22. RAS
23. WB
24. RYKOSIC
25. Intercomp
26. RCA
27. WB
28. TKM
29. Impulse
30. Concord Records
31. WB 12"
32. Miquelma Music
33. Columbia
34. AUSA (UK)
35. Sanctions
36. Crescent Moon
37. Impulse
38. Island Records
39. Time One
40. Blue Note
41. Intersound
42. Columbia 12"
43. Isl. Jam.
44. COJ
45. Crystal Rose
46. Impulse
47. Island
48. Wond
49. Gwendolyn (UK)

FAVORITE NEW WORLD AFRICAN MUSIC

TOP 103 + THREE

THIS MONTH

1. JAZZ JAMMICA
2. TITO PUENTE/INDA/INDA
3. BOONNY HUAN-SPIED
4. GLENN TURNER
5. INDA
6. INDA
7. JASON MILES
8. LUCIANO
9. CHRIS WILLIS
10. BLAKE
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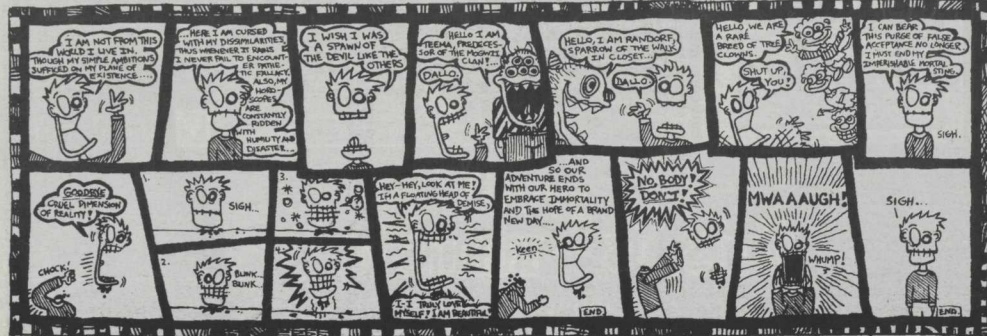
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45. Crystal Rose
46. Impulse
47. Island
48. Wond
49. Gwendolyn (UK)

INDIE HOME JOBS

1	oh susanna	shame
2	gnae	preppy villain
3	kinnie starr's bk lounge	devil's claw
4	back room shag	the back of your head
5	mi amo	tarantino cringe
6	squeaky	ten twenty-three
7	plumtree	in the sink
8	thrill squad	out of touch girl
9	jps	fuzzyhead pills
10	kid champion	luminites
11	coal	chemicals
12	michele wong	hop
13	jackass	reality bites in santa barbara
14	lisa kucharski	walking along the edge
15	the irish kelly experience	loose lips sink ships
16	superstar	secret heart
17	the wingnuts	hate my job
18	plump	cold feet
19	celestial mgenta	the first one
20	hand trophies	epidermal hiatus
21	technicians of the sacred	restless spirit
22	dentist's hands	statistic wigs
23	abs	break it
24	the colorifics	747 (now i see heaven)
25	added height	down the highway
26	dreadnaut	all hail the word flesh
27	isd 49	vitamin k
28	hissy fit	s.h.e.
29	blisterene	michael hent
30	petrolia	sweet industry
31	broca's area	between the lines
32	reathymade	dreamt i fell from you
33	pest 5000	break my heart
34	wondering lacy	baby eyes
35	destroyer	karen is in romo

charts charts charts



this is **not** the mainstream

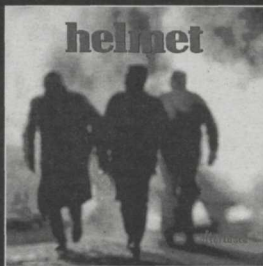
ROLLINS BAND



Rollins Band
Come In And Burn
Henry Rollins always lets you know exactly where he stands and "Come In And Burn" is the latest example of this artist's intense and uncompromising music.



helmet



Helmet
Aftertaste
In your face and in your brain is an appropriate description of this latest from Helmet. "Aftertaste" is guaranteed to last a long, long time.



Raggadeath
Dance With The Devil
The first single, "Dance With The Devil", pretty much sums it all up musically - just try and pigeon hole them. It's death-metal, junkadelic, reggae cabaret!

ATTIC



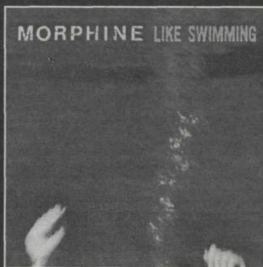
Hoodoo Gurus
Blue Cave
Hoodoo Gurus are Australia's alterna-pop pioneers and "Blue Cave" features their trademark sound of fuel-injected guitars, manic rhythms and indelible melodies.



Fluß
Waikiki
Fluß, like rock and punk is a four letter word. The music is power, passion, Fender guitars and a lyric approach that is outspoken and humorous. After three indie albums and countless singles, Fluß have arrived.



MORPHINE LIKE SWIMMING



Morphine
Like Swimming
Take a two string slide bass, a baritone sax, drums and some of the most distinctive vocals of the 90's and you've got Morphine. Mainstream this is not - great music this is!



great
this is ^ music

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SUNDAYS
ARE YOU SERIOUS? MUSIC 8:00AM-12:00PM All of time is measured by its art. This show presents the most recent new music from around the world. **Ear** goes to the **ROCKERS SHOW 12:00-3:00PM** Reggae into all styles and fashion. **RADIO BLUE WARSAW 5:00-6:00PM** Join Kim & Helen for another month of travels. Bring Coffee!

QUEER FM 6:00-8:00PM Dedicated to the gay, lesbian, bisexual, and transsexual communities of Vancouver and listened to by everyone. Lots of human interest features, background on current issues and great music from musicians of all sexual preferences and gender identities.

CETANAHI 9:00-10:00PM Cetanahi features a wide range of music from India, including classical music, both Hindustani and Carnatic, popular music from Indian movies from the 1930's to the 1990's, Semi-classical music such as Ghazals and Bhajans, and also Qawwalis, Folk Songs, etc. **RADIO FREE AMERICA 10:00PM-12:00AM** Join host Dave Emory and colleague Nik Tuck for some extraordinary political research guaranteed to make you rethink things. Bring your tape deck and two C-90s. Originally broadcast on KJYC (Los Angeles, California).

IN THE GRIP OF INCOHERENCY 12:00-4:00AM Drop your gear and sleep the day. National radio for total people. Get lost. Love Dave.

MONDAYS
BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS 8:15-11:00AM Your favourite brown-skinned, James and Peter, offer a sensory blend of the familiar and exotic in a blend of soulful delight. Tune in and enjoy each weekly brown plate special.

THE STUPID RADIO SHOW 11:00 AM-1:00 PM With your hosts the Gourd of Ignorance. What will we play today? Rog will put it away.

MEKANIKAL BUFFOONERY 1:00-3:00PM Two shows become one! An hour of Mekanikal Object Noise (industrial/noise/techno) and an hour of Sleight Buffoonery (jazz, jazz, brioise) June. scudnet@mindlink.bc.ca.

THE MEAT-EATING VEGAN 3:00-4:00PM I endeavour to feature dairy, eggs, verbal flatulence (only when I speak), a worst music by a twentieth-century core user - can you say minimalist! - and whatever else appeals to me. Veg and jazz positive. Mail in your requests, because I am not a human answering machine. Get a quarter from call someone who cares.

THE CANUCK STOPS HERE 4:00-7:00PM Listen for all Canadian, mostly independent tunes.

THE JAZZ SHOW 9:00PM-12:00AM Vancouver's longest running prime time jazz program. Hosted by the ever-wise Gavin Walker. Features of 11.

Age 7-Trompet ace Freddie Hubbard

April 14-Trompet ace Gavin Walker
 April 21-Trombonist/composer Slide Hampton
 April 28-New from alto saxophonist Jackie McLean
DRUMMY SPACE 4:00-12:00AM Jazz, breaks & the silence in between @ 160bpm.

TUESDAYS
LADY DEATHSTRIKE'S LUNCHBOX 4:00-11:30AM Join forces with a samurai warrior gone wrong. Fill your bento with feminist action attitude. This month interviews with The Third Sex, Trish Kelley, and Sister-Kinney!
SEXUAL ALLSORTS 4:00-11:30AM An eclectic music show. Phone in and request!

RADIO FREE WOMEN 3:00-5:00PM
IQRA 5:30-6:00PM News, issues, and concerns facing Muslims throughout the world.

THE UNHEARD MUSIC 7:00-9:00PM Meet the unheard where the unheard and the borders of hardy hear are heard, courtesy of hardy hear and demo director Dale Sawyer. Hard up!
RITMO LATINO 9:00-10:00PM Get on board Vancouver's only tropical fiesta. Express with your local hosts Rolando, Rommy, and Paulo as they shake it and

wiggle it to the latest in Salsa, Merengue, Comba and other fiery fiesta favourites. Latin music so hot it'll give you a tan! (RADIO SABROSA!)

NAKED RADIO 4:00-10:00PM-12:00AM From Thelovious Monk to Mendith McKee ... we'll play it. Genre-busting, cutting-edge jazz and other experimental sounds, plus informative editorial features. Join Mike and Sean.
WITCHDOCTOR HIGHBALL 4:00PM-12:00AM Noise, ambient, electronic, hip hop, free jazz, christian beat living lp's, the occasional amateur radio play, whatever.

AURAL TENTACLES 12:00AM-VERY LATE Warning: This show is moody and unpredictable. It encourages insomnia and may prove to be hazardous to your health. Listener discretion is advised.

WEDNESDAYS
COLONEL SANDER'S HIDEOUT 8:00-10:00AM Dude if you're playing pretty girl music in the Canyon Delta!
LOVE SUXES 12:00-3:00PM If you can't make sense of it, and that bothers you, go somewhere else. We use scissars.
HELLO INDIA 2:00-3:00PM A discovery of Indian culture, its music heritage and literature along with a touch of the latest.

MOTORDADDY 3:00-5:00PM "at those who ride casual"

ESOTERIK 4:00-7:30PM Ambient/electronic/industrial/etc. experimental music for those of us who know about the illbirds.

SOLID STATE 4:00-7:30PM Featuring the latest in techno, trance, acid and progressive house. Spotlights on local artists, ticket giveaways, & live performances. Hosted by M-Path.

AND SOMETIMES WHY? 7:30-9:00PM 2 Foot Flame, Low, Adele, Delgado ... these are a few of our fave-d-writings. In a lot

STRAIGHT OUTTA JALLUNDHAR 10:00PM-12:00AM DJ D's Jindwa and Bindwa immerse you in radioactive Bhungral "Chakhi de phutay." Listen to all our favourite Punjabi tunes - remixes and originals. Brooooo!

THURSDAYS
FLUBSTER 4:00-11:30AM Bad hill blood, spy music and an accordion fetish. Caution: high in fibril.

MUSIC FOR ROBOTS 4:00-11:30AM Electronic-Noz-New Wave-No-Wave. Risk the Gamma rays into the future. Fem-bulb electronic hostess.

CANADIAN LUNCH 11:30AM-1:00PM From Tofino to Gander, Baffin Island to Portage La Prairie. The all-Canadian soundtrack for your midday snack!

STEVE & MIKE 1:00-2:00PM Crashing the boys' club in the pit. Hard and fast, heavy and slow. Listen to it, baby.

JUSTIN TIME 2:00-3:00PM Serving up your weekly dose of Shirley Horn and other jazz-filled collections.

OUT FOR KICKS 6:00-7:30PM No Birkenstocks, nothing politically correct. We don't get paid so you're damn right we have fun with it. Hosted by Chris B.

ON AIR WITH GREASED HAIR 7:30-9:00PM Roots of rock & roll.

LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL 9:00-11:00PM Local muzak from 9. Live bands from 10-11.

Age 3-Rat Iron Smiles from Victoria
 Age 10-Burden + Disant
 Age 17-Bottom Twelve
 Age 24-Facupillar

DISTORTED CIRCUITRY 1:00-4:00AM DJ Morgan Le Fay brings you the latest info and tunes in the realm of electro/industrial/synthetic. Hard beats to impregnate your late night ego. Last week of each month is a gosh show.

FRIDAYS
VENUS FILTRAP'S LOVE DEN 8:30-10:00AM Join Greg in the love den for a cocktail. We'll retro-sit, groovy jazz, and thicker stuff too. See you here and bring some ice. XXXX

TELES 10:00-11:00AM Tune in for discussions, interviews & information relating to people who live with physical & mental challenges.

SKA-T'S SCENE-IT DRIVE! 11:00AM-12:00PM Tune in for another fun-filled hour of ska with hosts Julie and Skat!

KNEPTUNE'S ROOM 12:00-1:00AM As Chloë from once said to Schroeder: "pink, pink, pink, all day long! Good Grief!"

LUCKY SCRATCH 1:00-2:00PM Swing on the gallows pole and get yer dose of blues in the afternoon. Hosts Anne and Andy.

LITTLE THIN STARS 2:00-3:00PM Jozezz! Spice rock and get it fired!

NOWHURR THE HUMAN SERVICETTE PRESENTS ... 3:30-4:00PM Have a good brunch!

NATION 2 NATION 4:00-9:00PM Underground sound system-style

maternity radio.

AFRICAN RHYTHMS 4:00-9:00PM David "Lova" Jones brings you the best new and old Jazz, soul, latin, samba, bossa, African music across the world.

FOR THE RECORD 6:00-6:30PM Excerpts from Dave Emory's *Radio Free America* Series.

HOMEBASE 9:00PM-12:00AM The original live mixed dance program in Vancouver. Hosted by DJ Noah, the main focus of the show is techno, but also includes some trance, acid, tribal, etc. - Guest DJs, interviews, retrospectives, giveaway, and more are part of the flavor of homebase.

UMP SINK 12:00-2:00AM Hosted by the G42 players. "The show that doesn't hate you," with your friendly pals Fria Frier Abbaekas and Postman Pat. Alternating with Dr. Killdare.

CLUCK BUCK 2:30-4:00AM Dr. Killdare plunges even further into the wee hour doing what he can to keep security guards and 7-11 clerks awake. Waywardly deep sleep staff and other hallucinating duck-up-ups.

SATURDAYS
THE SATURDAY EDGE 8:00AM-12:00PM Music you won't hear anywhere else. Studio guests, new releases, British comedy sketches, folk music calendar, ticket giveaways, plus World Cup Report! 11:30AM-8:30AM: African/World roots, 9:12 noon: Celtic music and performances.

POWERCHORD 12:00-1:00PM Vancouver's only true metal show, local demo tapes, and other rarities. Gerald Rutherford and Metal Ron do the damage.

THE SHOW 6:00-8:00PM Strictly Hip Hop - Strictly Underground - Strictly Vinyl With your hosts Mr. Cheeka, Phil and G. Swing on the 1 & 2's.

LIVE AT THE HAT 11:00PM-1:00AM "Live" - shows and bands - mission \$6.00 - Performers are subject to change.

EARWAX 4:00AM-DAWN "Little bit of drum, bit of bass and a whole lot of noise." Late-night radio soundbath destined to hit you hard. Zine features, phat experimental choruses, and the occasional terrible symphony.

"Money, will you rock on 'til the break of dawn." - G. Smiley

WHOM & HOW

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	SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT	
	THE CITR MORNING SHOW / BBC WORLD SERVICE							
8	are you serious music?	Breakfast with the Browns	third time's the charm	Colonel Sander's Hideout	Zuppe Radio	Venus Flytrap's Love Den	THE SATURDAY EDGE	8
9				DIGITAL ALARM	free for rebate / Filibuster	Teles		9
10				CHRONOMETER	CANADIAN LUNCH	Ska's Sonol Drive		10
11	NEWS	THE STUPID RADIO SHOW	LOVE SUXES 12:00-3:00PM	love sucks	stueve and Mike	LUCKY SCRATCH	POWER CHORD	11
12					justin's time	Little Twin Stars		12
1	ROCKERS SHOW	MEKANIKAL BUFFOONERY	pink kitty power hour	love sucks	stueve and Mike	LUCKY SCRATCH	POWER CHORD	1
2	WIRELESS/BLINDING SABLE	Meat-Eating Vegan	Polyfiller	motor daddyy	FLEX YOUR HEAD	NARROW/noise	Filler/in THE RED DESK	2
3								3
4	Radio Blue Texas	Girlfood	RADIO FREE WOMEN	motor daddyy	FLEX YOUR HEAD	NARROW/noise	Filler/in THE RED DESK	4
5		THE CITR DINNER REPORT						5
6	QUEER FM	Flamin' Cantarillar	Awara House	ESOTERIK / SOLID STATE	Out For Kicks	nation to nation / African Rhythms	THE SHOW (hiphop)	6
7				and sometimes why	ON AIR WITH GREASED HAIR			7
8	Mary Tyler Moore Show	The Chuck (tag) / hip hop habi	UNHEARD MUSIC					8
9								9
10	GeeTaNJaLi	THE JAZZ SHOW	RITMO LATINO	Folk hosi	LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL	HOME BASS	live at the high hat	10
11	ONE STEP BEYOND: RADIO FREE AMERICA		NAKED RADIO / witchdoctor highball	str outta jallundar	Secret 7 / Groove Jumping		REBEL JAZZ	11
12								12
1				PITEDREAMS / OPEN SEASON / RADIO FREE BABYLON	DISTORTED CIRCUITRY	Limp Sink	SOMETHING/ Earwax	1
2	IN THE GRIP OF INCOHERENCY	HUMAN ANIMAL / DRUMMY SPACE	AURAL TENTACLES					2
3								3

april datebook



MARCH FRI 28 The Colorifics-Railway...The C.C. Soy Quatre-The Purple Onion...The Conspirators of Pleasure/When I Close My Eyes@Pacific Cinematheque...

SAT 29 Scud Mountain Boys/Oh Susanna-Starfish...Cool-Whip Gallery...Kulo Shaker/Headswap-Graceland...Jewel/The Ruggums-Mosley Theatre...The Colorifics-Railway...Trench Ant/The Malchis/Hounds of Buskerville-Gate...Velour 3/The Uminals-Highland Pub...2% Cherry/The Clock on an Undead-Van Press Club...Junk-The Purple Onion...The Conspirators of Pleasure/When I Close My Eyes@Pacific Cinematheque...

SUN 30 Jeru the Damoia/DJ Shadow-Richard's on the Richards...Primroses/Tristram Piccadilly Pub...Almanac of Fall/Family Nest@Pacific Cinematheque...

MON 31 De la Soul-Richard's on the Richards...Counting Crows/Ben Folds Five-Orpheum (sold out)...District 1-Stone Temple Cobart...Grrrrr With Guitars (Oh Susanna, Laurie Albina, Kathy O'Neill & The Dirtmats)-Railway...Majid Khan-Norman Rothstein Theatre...

APRIL TUE 1 Suburbia featuring the V8 Collective-Helen Pitt Gallery...Mary Jane Lamond-WISE Hall...SFU Student Films@Pacific Cinematheque...

WED 2 Cheap Trick/Silver Jet-Studebaker's...Paul Hyde-Railway...Cranes/Raspata-Starfish...The Monster@Pacific Cinematheque...

THU 3 Paul Hyde-Railway...Duncan Sheik/Jill Sobule-Town Pump...Gonzalo Rubalcaba Trio-Starfish...Dyke Words (Terrie Hamazaki, Ilene Mitchell, Irit Shirmol)-Lotus Club...Miss Kitty's dj night-The Columbia...SFU Student Films@Pacific Cinematheque...

FRI 4 Veal-Railway...John Donlan-Black Sheep Books...Crows/Man of...@Pacific Cinematheque...

SAT 5 Spirit Merchants-Railway...Hellenkeller/Autobahn/Fluid Unce/DJ Noah/Hiro Haula-Graceland...Mother Trencher/Closed Caption Radio/Mal-Starfish...Kathryn MacLeod-Black Sheep Books...Crows/Man of...@Pacific Cinematheque...

SUN 6 JLG by JLG: December Self Portrait/Germany Nine-Zero/Alphaville@Pacific Cinematheque...

MON 7 Gregory Scofield-Black Sheep Books...JLG by JLG: December Self Portrait/Germany Nine-Zero/Alphaville@Pacific Cinematheque...

TUE 8 Catherine Bennett-Women in Print...

WED 9 CITR PRESENTS Let's Go Bowling/Malchis-Starfish...Speed Bump/Royal Farm-Railway...Stealing Beauty@Pacific Cinematheque...

THU 10 Built to Spill-Starfish...Ronnie Hayward Trio-Railway...Miss Kitty's dj night-The Columbia...XXSpacejunk: Video and Film by Shawn Chappelle@Pacific Cinematheque...

FRI 11 CITR PRESENTS Man...Or Astro-Man?/Pulsars-Town Pump...Arts County Fair (54-40, Big Sugar, One Step Beyond, Pluto, Mudgirl)-Thunderbird Stadium...Bughouse Five-Railway...Modern Rock Circus (Silverchair, Local H, Age of Electric, Handsome, Mollie's Revenge, Huevoz Ranceros)-Plaza of Nations...Pele Julu-Gate...Jamie Reid-Black Sheep Books...Bolshe Vita/Junk Movie@Pacific Cinematheque...

SAT 12 Thatch/Manifold/Conshuck Cowboys-Van Press Club...Mae Moore-Town Pump...Bughouse Five-Railway...Macka B/Mad Professor-Starfish Room...Modern Rock Circus (Sloan, Matthew Good, Pluto, Super Friendz, Green Apple Quickstep, Mystery Machine, Hanson Brothers, Gob, Crankshaft)-Plaza of Nations...New Wave-coke-Piccadilly Pub...

SUN 13 The Senator's Snails@Pacific Cinematheque...

MON 14 Presidents of the United States of America/Redd Kross-Rage...Temptation@Pacific Cinematheque...

TUE 15 Descendents/Shades Apart/Suicide Machines-Graceland...

WED 16 Taste Of Joy-Railway...Temptation@Pacific Cinematheque...

THU 17 Taste Of Joy-Railway...Dyke Words (Janine Fuller, Tonya Yaremko, Dorothy Seaton)-Lotus Club...Miss Kitty's dj night-The Columbia...

FRI 18 The Malchis-Railway...Shonen Knife/Pluto/Cockeyed Ghost-Graceland...Jesse Cook-Starfish...Power to the People (Bud Osborne, Pete Schweitzer's Strange Alice)-Black Sheep Books...The Garden/Paper Heads@Pacific Cinematheque...

SAT 19 Citizen Fish/Submission Hall/Sharks Kill/The Ovation-Fitt Meadows Rec. Hall (12460 Harris Rd)...The Garden/Paper Heads@Pacific Cinematheque...

SUN 20 CITR PRESENTS Pavement-Vogue...The Outpost/Bitches@Pacific Cinematheque...

MON 21 Fast Folk Underground (Babe Cruz, Jelly Farm, Volt-

age Pad)-Railway...Jane Siberry-Van East Cultural Centre...The Outpost/Bitches@Pacific Cinematheque...

WED 23 Kevin Kane-Railway...Matthew Sweet-Rage...Day of Forgiveness/Neon Tales/From Scratch@Pacific Cinematheque...

THUR 24 Kevin Kane-Railway...Miss Kitty's dj night-The Columbia...

FRI 25 Veda Hille-Railway...Ride/Thanks for Each New Morning@Pacific Cinematheque...

SAT 26 Veda Hille-Railway...Ride/Thanks for Each New Morning@Pacific Cinematheque...

SUN 27 Wozycek/It's Always Better Where We Are-Not@Pacific Cinematheque...

MON 28 Grrrrr with Guitars (Janine Bracewell, Michelle Gooding, Danielle French, Judy Atkin)-Railway...Wozycek/Lost Landscape@Pacific Cinematheque...

TUE 29 2 Left Feet-Railway...Social Distortion-Vogue...

WED 30 Indian Summer/Fortress@Pacific Cinematheque...

Special events

DYKE WORDS — a bi-weekly reading series, with readings and performances by local artists. Every second Thursday at the Lotus Club 9PM. Sliding scale admission \$1-4. Hosted by Karen X. Tulchinsky.

SUBURBIA — Art for and about the burbs by the V8 collective (Sheri Kasperov, Dwight Koss, Kelli, Scott Rumak, Kevin Schmidt, Scratch, Kirsten Taylor, Daniel Vogel, Julia York) Helen Pitt Gallery. April 4, 7-10PM opening reception. Artist talk Saturday April 5, noon.

STEALING THUNDER — UZUME TAIKO ENSEMBLE with special guests Snake in the Grass Moving Theatre and the Paula Ross Dancers at the Vancouver East Cultural Centre, April 29-26, 8pm.

SUBURBAN YOUTH MUSIC REVOLUTION — A 12 band all day benefit extravaganza promoting sobriety, youths against violence and youths against discrimination. Noise Therapy, Waiting For God, Nickelback, Facepunch, flakefish and more... April 26, North Surrey Rec. Centre. For more info, call 585-4288.

SUBMISSIONS TO DATEBOOK ARE FREE! TO HAVE YOUR EVENT LISTED, FAX ALL THE RELEVANT INFO (WHO, WHERE, WHEN) TO 892 9364, ATTENTION "DATEBOOK." DEADLINE FOR THE MAY ISSUE IS APRIL 20TH!

everything you need to know about...to go everywhere you need to go

The Abyss 315 E. Broadway (side entrance) 488 6219
Anderson's Restaurant (Jazz on the Creek) 684 3777
Anzo Club 3 W. 8th (Mount Pleasant) 876 7128
Arts Hall 684 2787
Bassix 217 W. Hastings (at Cambie) 689 7734
Backstage Lounge 1585 Johnston (Granville Island) 687 1354
Black Sheep Books 2742 W. 4th (at MacDonnell) 732 5087
Cafe Deux Soleils 2050 Commercial (the Drive) 254 1195
Cafe Vieux Montreal 317 E. Broadway (Mount Pleasant) 873 3331
Caprice Theatre 955 Granville (Granville Mall) 683 6099
Celebrities 1022 Davie (at Burrard) 689 3180
Chameleon Urban Lounge 801 W. Georgia (Downtown) 689 0806
Club Mardi Gras 398 Richards St. 687 5007
CN Imax Theatre 999 Canada Place 682 4629
Columbia Hotel 303 Columbia (at Cordova) 683 3757
Commodore Jones 838 Granville (Granville Mall) 681 1531
Cordova Cafe 307 Cordova (at Gastown) 683 5637
Crawston Traffic 316 W. Hastings (downtown) 689 7573
Denman Place Cinema 1030 Denman (West End) 682 2201
EDV 515 Davie (downtown) 682 4388
Envision Electric Gallery/Cafe 916 Commercial (the Drive) 255 4162
Firehall Arts Centre 80 E. Cordova (at Main) 689 0926
Flood Not Bomba Vancouver 872 6719
Frederic Wood Theatre (UBC) 822 2678
Gorge Pub 2889 E. Hastings (downtown) 822 9364

Gastown Music Hall 6 Powell (Gastown) 689 0649
Gastown Theatre 36 Powell (Gastown) 684 MASK
The Gate 1176 Granville (downtown) 888 8701
Graceland 1250 Richards (downtown) 688 2648
Greg's Place 4584 Yale Rd. (Chilliwack) 795 3334
The Grill Gallery 4124 Main (Mt. Pleasant) 322 6057
Hemp B.C. 324 W. Hastings (downtown) 681 4620
Hollywood Theatre 3123 W. Broadway (Kitsilano) 738 2131
Jazz Society 2120 Main (Mt. Pleasant) 873 4131
It's A Secret 1221 Granville St. (downtown) 688 6555
Jericho Arts Centre 1600 Discovery (Pt. Grey) 224 8007
La Quena 1111 Commercial (the Drive) 251 6626
The Lotus Club 455 Abbott (Gastown) 685 7777
Lucy's 3934 Main 875 9858
Luv-A-Fair 1275 Seymour (downtown) 665 3388
Mars 1320 Richards (downtown) 230 MARS
Maximum Blues Pub 1176 Granville (downtown) 688 8701
Niagara Hotel Pub 435 W. Fender (downtown) 688 7574
Medicine 1926 W. Broadway
Oxygene Imports 534 Seymour (downtown) 669 6644
Old American Pub 928 Main (downtown) 682 3291
Orpheum Theatre Smith & Seymour (downtown) 665 3050
Pacific Cinematheque 1131 Howe (downtown) 688 4456
Paradise 27 Church (New West) 525 0371
Paradise Cinema 919 Granville (Granville Mall) 681 1732
Park Theatre 3440 Cambie (South Vancouver) 876 2747
Piccadilly Pub 630 W. Fender (at Seymour) 682 3221
Pit Pub basement, Student Union Building (UBC) 822 6273
Pit Gallery 317 W. Hastings (downtown) 681 6740
Plaza Theatre 881 Granville (Granville Mall) 665 7050
Purple Onion 15 Water St. (gastown) 602 9442
Ruffels Lounge 1221 Granville (downtown) 473 1593
The Rage 750 Pacific Blvd. South (Plaza of Nations) 665 5585
Railway Club 579 Dunsmuir (at Seymour) 681 1625

Richard's On Richards 1036 Richards (downtown) 687 6794
Ridge Cinema 3131 Arbutus (at 16th Ave.) 738 6311
Russian Hall 600 Campbell (Chinatown) 874 6200
Scratch Records 109 W. Cordova (Gastown) 687 6555
Southall Candy Shop 4198 Main (at 26th) 876 7463
Starlight Room 1055 Haven (downtown) 682 4171
Starlight Cinema 935 Denman (West End) 689 0096
Station Street Arts Centre 930 Station (at Main) 688 3312
St. Regis Hotel 602 Dunsin (downtown) 688 6555
Stone Temple Cobart 1082 Granville St. (downtown) 688 3312
Sugar Refinery 1115 Granville (downtown) 681 8915
Theatre E 254 E. Hastings (Chinatown) 986 2473
Thunderbird Int. Centre 120 W. 16th St. (N. Van) 683 6695
Town Pump 66 Water (Chinatown) 682 7976
Track Records 552 Seymour (downtown) 682 8550
Twilight Zone 7 Alexander (Gastown) 822 3697
UBC CINEMA (located in the SUB) 822 3697
UBC Good Centre (the Gate, UBC) 822 0999
The Underground 1082 Granville (downtown) 254 9578
Vancouver E. Cultural Centre 1895 Venables (at Victoria) 876 4165
Vancouver Little Theatre 3102 Main (Mt. Pleasant) 738 7015
Vancouver Press Club 2215 Granville (S. Granville) 222 2235
Vern's Washout 2412 Main (Mt. Pleasant) 872 2999
Video in Studios 1965 Main (Mt. Pleasant) 872 8337
Vogue Theatre 918 Granville (Granville Mall) 331 7909
Waterfront Theatre 1405 Anderson (Granville Is.) 685 6217
Western Front 303 E. 8th Ave 876 9343
Wer's/Hushout 209 E. 6th Ave (at Main) 254 5858
W.I.S.E. Hall 1882 Adanac (the Drive) 732 4128
Women in Print 3566 W. 4th (Kitsilano) 681 9253
Yule Blues Pub 1300 Granville (downtown) 738 3232
Zulu Records 1869 W. 4th (Kitsilano)

UNIVERSAL CONCERTS CANADA



SHONEN KNIFE
with guests
PLUTO & Cockeyed Ghost

**Friday April 18
Graceland**

Doors 7pm • Show 10 pm
Tickets also at Track Records

DESCENDENTS

with guests **Suicide Machines
& Shades Apart**

**Tuesday,
April 15**

Graceland

TICKETS
ALSO AT
TRACK
RECORDS



493-564
493-564
POWERHOUSE

**Fountains
of Wayne**
with guests
CHAINSAW KITTENS

**SATURDAY, APRIL 26
THE TOWN PUMP**

ON SALE SAT. APRIL 5!

JAMES
THIRD EYE BLIND

thursday, may 1
the rage doors 8pm

straight

TICKETS ALSO AT TRACK RECORDS



An Intimate Evening with...

Jane Siberry
accompanied by Tim Ryan, Piano & Rebecca Campbell, Vocalist

Monday April 21
Vancouver East Cultural Centre

? Showers 7:30 pm & 10pm



JAMIROQUAI

with guest DJs

Monday May 12

NEW VENUE & SHOWTIME

PLAZA OF NATIONS

Doors 7pm Show 8pm

TICKETS FOR SHOW AT THE RAGE VALID FOR PLAZA OF NATIONS SHOW
Tickets also at Track Records

ALL
AGES
SHOW



**Social
Distortion**

WITH SPECIAL GUESTS
TENDERLOIN & THE PASTIES

TUESDAY APRIL 29
VOGUE THEATRE

SHOW 8:00 PM TICKETS ALSO AT TRACK RECORDS

493-564
493-564
THE BLENDER

TICKETS AVAILABLE AT ALL TICKETMASTER OUTLETS OR CHARGE BY PHONE 280-4444
BACKSTREET BOYS-APRIL 5, GM PLACE • THE PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA-APRIL 14, THE RAGE
AMERICA WITH V.S.O.-MAY 5, THE ORPHEUM

the Moon), with gravel
Proppelerheads and much more. Come listen to these Plastic
 arts.

14.98 CD

**John Zorn
 Filmworks III
 (1990-1995)**

John Zorn is indefatigable, uncompromising, spontaneous and hugely talented, and so are many of his friends and colleagues. This most recent collection of soundtrack work clearly represents the range and capacity of Zorn et al. There is little left out of the mix, all the images are fertilized, and yes, the music stands very well without own. It's fun and challenging. Three cheers for Zorn, three cheers for his label Tzadik. *Keep it coming.*

16.98 CD

**R.L. Burnside
 Mr. Wizard**

Hot on the heels of A Ass
Pocket of Whiskey,
 veteran bluesman R.L.
 Burnside slurs the magic
 as **Mr. Wizard**. Relying less on **BBK** backing and
 more on raw midway moonshine, R.L.'s bowls and slides
 this way down the highway of sin with nine
 pre-rock smokers. Guaranteed to raise
 the hellfire in everyone. Damn right
 he's got the blues!

16.98 CD 12.98 LP

**Other
 Notables:**

Bowery Electric: *Beet CD / 2LP*
 Margarine: *Like Swimming CD / Cass*
 Phaték: *No Ten Inch Ryo CD-EF / 12in*
 Dimension J: *Take A Run at the Sun CD-EF*
 Air Liquid: *New Frankfurter CD-EF / 12in*
 Forbidden Dimension: *Widow's
 Walk CD (available April 8th)*
 Mick Harris: *Overload Lady (Drum and Bass) CD*
 Brainiac: *Electro-Shock for President CD-EF / 12in*
 Hellum: *No Guitars CD-EF / 12in*